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June 1918 THE Twenty Cents

RED CROSS MAGAZINE

Sophie Kerr: BLUE + GRAY = KHAKI

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Seeing all things with a mother's sixth sense that's blind to jealousy and meanness; helping the little home that's crushed beneath an iron hand by showing mercy in a healthy, human way; rebuilding it, in fact, with stone on stone and bringing warmth to hearts and hearths too long neglected.

Reaching out her hands across the sea to No Man's Land; to heal and comfort thousands who must fight and bleed in crawling holes and water-soaked entrenchments where cold and wet bite deeper, so they write, than Boche steel or lead.

She's warming thousands, feeding thousands, healing thousands from her store; the Greatest Mother in the World—the RED CROSS.

Every Dollar of a Red Cross War Fund goes to War Relief

WAR FUND WEEK

May 20th to May 27th

One Hundred Million Dollars

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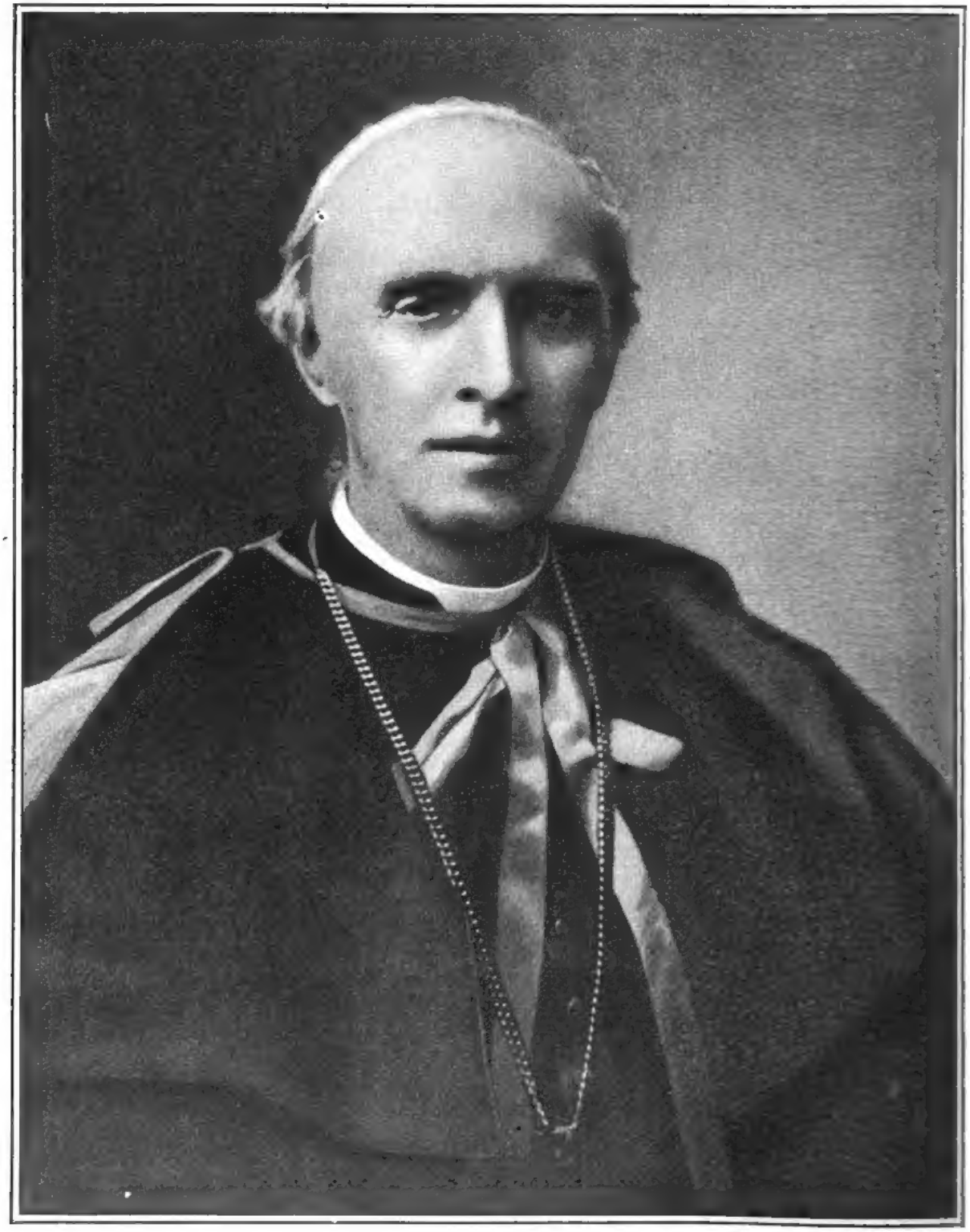

Photograph by Paul Thompson

CARDINAL MERCIER

"A member of the Belgian Commission told me that, the first time he went into Mercier's presence, his instinctive comment was, *'Here is a saint'*; but when he grasped his hand, and looked into his eye, he said, *'Here is a man'*."

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THE JUNE
RED CROSS MAGAZINE
Volume 13 1918 Number 6

Cardinal Mercier—An Undaunted Soul

By Ida M. Tarbell
Author of "Life of Lincoln," etc.
Illustrated by T. D. SKIDMORE

NO FIGURE emerges more clearly from the blackness that has enveloped the world in these so long three and a half years, than that of the great Belgian Cardinal, Désiré Mercier, Archbishop of Malines. His first call to his people thrilled a stricken and amazed world. It was like the voice of some warrior priest, and yet this man, to whose voice not only his own people, but the whole world answered, is by no means a man of war. Forty years at least of his life (Cardinal Mercier is now 66 years old) have been spent in the cloister, the library and the pulpit. At the University of Louvain, he built up in the '80s and '90s the famous Higher Institute of Philosophy. Here he gathered numbers of students about him. Here he wrote scholarly volumes, a Psychology, a Logic, a Criteriology, books of note among the most highly trained minds of our times.

It was from this work that in 1906 Monseigneur Mercier, as he was then known, was called to become a cardinal. He did not think himself fit for it. It was not his kind of thing; and there were others who felt this too; but the Pope seems to have known his man, for the new Cardinal soon had made himself beloved in a great diocese. He had an enormous tract, 800 parishes, including towns whose names became known to us first in the dreadful days of August and September, 1914, names that the world will never forget.

WHEN the Germans swept over Belgium one heroic man stood out above the terrible flood unswerving, brave and serene—Cardinal Mercier of Malines. His pastorate included 800 parishes in the heart of the stricken country.

The congregation of the Cardinal included more than two and a half million persons. He loved his people, and in an amazing way he came to know them all, men, women and little children. Not one in all the two and a half million but could go to him; and they tell how he used to sit all day long, freely receiving, in the order in which they came, rich and poor, good and bad, young and old. The Prince might wait while the beggar went in: it all depended upon who had come first. There seemed nothing of human want or sorrow that was too trivial for him to listen to. Nobody in Belgium was more wonderfully beloved.

The Cardinal was not at home when Louvain was struck. He was in Rome, where he had gone to attend the funeral of Pius X. It was there that he received the news of the dis-

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aster that had befallen the town. He heard it all with unspeakable agony: "Afar from my diocese, without means of communication with you, I was compelled to lock my grief within my own afflicted heart. . . . A disaster has visited the world, and our beloved little Belgium, a nation so faithful in the great mass of her population to God, so upright in her patriotism, so noble in her King and Government, is the first sufferer. She bleeds; her sons are stricken down within her fortresses and upon her fields, in defense of her rights and of her territory. Soon there will not be one Belgian family that is not in mourning. Why all this sorrow, my God? Lord, Lord, hast Thou forsaken us?"

Cardinal Mercier came back to Belgium from Rome as quickly as his episcopal duties would allow to make one of the most torturing journeys that a man was ever called to make. He went from town to town, seeing what had happened to the simple, honest people he had loved so well.

"EVERYBODY IS DEAD BUT US"

Little wonder is it that when he came to talk about this journey he said,

"These four months have seemed to me age-long." Everywhere he went the homes he had known were desolate. Fathers, brothers, sons were gone, many of them in the army, but, alas, wives and sisters had seen many of them lined up and shot for reasons that were at once wicked and wanton. Churches, schools, hospitals, convents that had been centuries in the building, and into which the love and the offerings of generation upon generation of men and women had gone, he found laid waste. The gardens in which he had walked with his gentle priests, where he had counseled suffering men and women, all these were stripped of their beauty; again and again they were marked with blood and newly turned graves. Villages he had known were gone—heaps of dust and broken stones. Little children had been mutilated, and again and again he found groups of them gathered together by some kindly hand, who told him in their innocence, "Everybody is dead but us."

Where lives were not taken, and where the stones of buildings were not thrown down, what anguish was revealed! Families hitherto living at ease, now in bitter want; all commerce at an end, all careers ruined; industry at a standstill; thousands upon thousands of working-men without employment; working-women, shop-girls, humble servant-girls without the means of earning their bread; and poor souls forlorn on the bed of sickness and fever, crying, "O Lord, how long, how long?"

"There is nothing to reply. *The reply remains the secret of God.*"

It was from this journey that Cardinal Mercier came in Christmas of 1914 to speak for the first time to his people. He spoke to the world that day. What he had to say on Patriotism and Endurance was so high in its courage, so noble in its feeling, that it was a challenge to the Christianity of all nations. A man, ruler or soldier, never did a braver thing. Standing in a city which was in the hands of the enemy, every word and every gesture reported to an authority that had the power, if it willed, to end his life on the spot, a power which had shown itself so unbelievably ruthless, that it is hard to understand why they let him pass, he told his people all that he had seen. He boldly told them, also, that he held it as part of the obligations of his episcopal office to instruct them that the power that had invaded their soil and occupied the country was no lawful authority. He told them that in soul and conscience they owed neither respect nor attachment nor obedience to that power. The sole lawful authority in Belgium, said the Cardinal, is that of our King, our Government of the elected representatives of the nation. This authority alone has a right to our affection, our submission. The invaders' acts of public administration have in themselves no authority.

And yet his boldness was coupled with such a wealth of wisdom that resistance was really lessened:

"Occupied provinces are not conquered provinces," he told them. "Belgium is no more a German province than Galicia is a Russian province. Nevertheless, the occupied portion of our country is in a position it is compelled to endure. Toward the persons of those who are holding dominion among us by military force, and who assuredly cannot but be sensible of the chivalrous energy with which we have defended, and are still defending our independence, let us conduct ourselves with all needful forbearance — let us not take bravado for courage, nor tumult for bravery."

These words all Belgium heeded and has obeyed.

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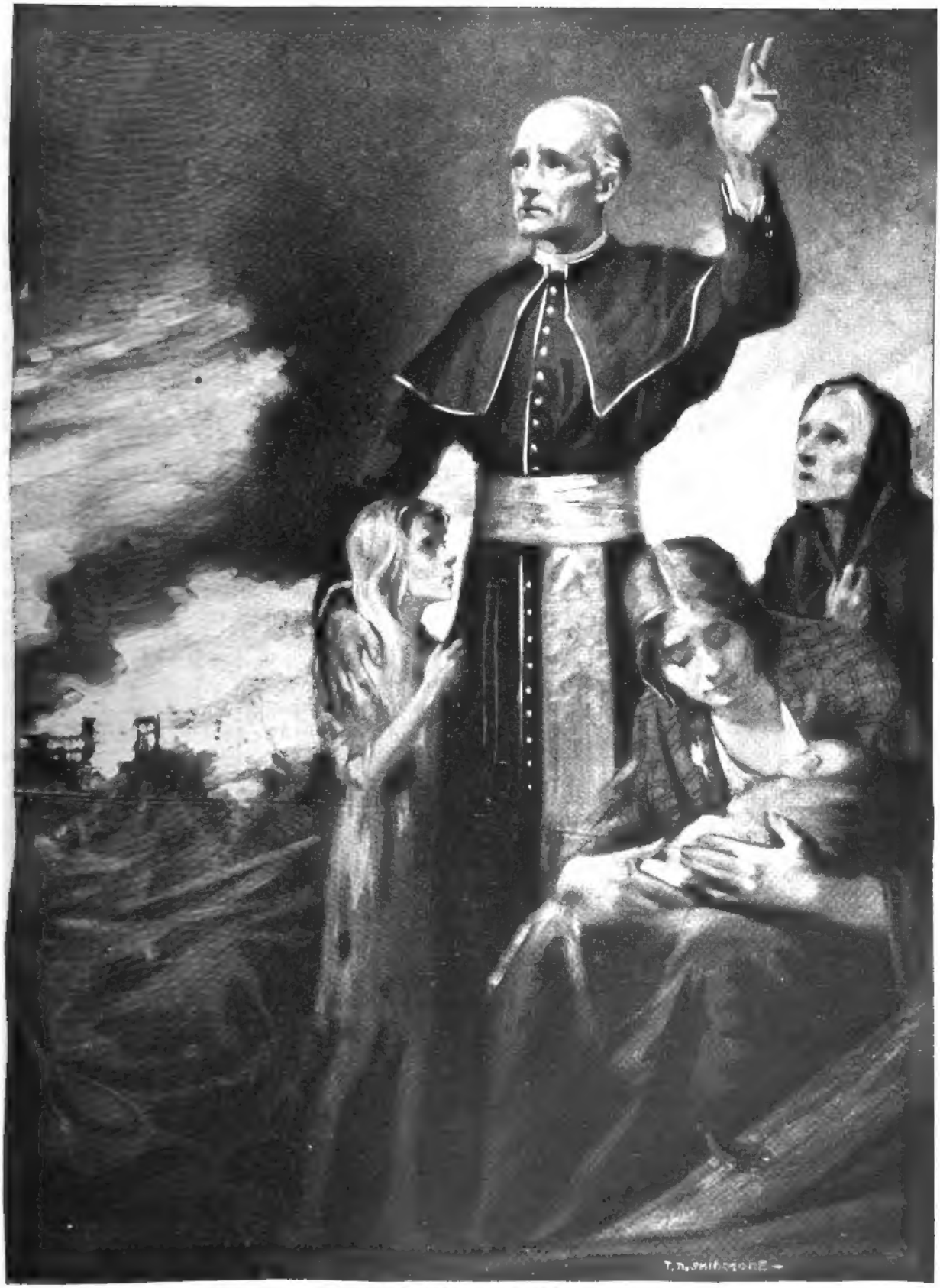

CARDINAL MERCIER

Who had charge of 800 parishes that gave to him a congregation of more than two and one half millions of persons

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Cardinal Mercier's pride in the instinctive refusal of Belgium to allow her honor to be questioned, carried him through the despair that her sufferings aroused. He has never ceased to hold up this first attitude of Belgium to the Belgians. All his thrilling addresses are colored with exultation over the fact of the country's bravery. In a remarkable address a year and a half after the invasion he said:

"Even supposing, my beloved brethren, that the final issue of the gigantic duel at present being fought in Europe and Asia Minor is uncertain, the moral triumph of Belgium is an ever memorable fact for history and civilization. In concert with your King and your Government, you agreed to an immense sacrifice in the interests of your fatherland. Out of respect for our plighted word; to proclaim that, in your consciences, right comes before all else, you have sacrificed your goods, your homes, your sons, your husbands; and, after eighteen months of coercion, you are still proud of your deed, as on the first day. Heroism seems so natural to you that it does not occur to you to glory in it on your own account; but if you had been able to do as we have done, to pass beyond our frontiers, and look at our Belgian fatherland from without; if you could have heard the voices of the people, 'the man in the street,' as the English say, I mean the manual laborer, the humble employee, the women of the working classes; if you had received the homage, written or spoken, of those who are the authorized representatives of the great social forces, politics, the press, science, art, diplomacy, and religion; you would have realized more fully the magnanimity of your attitude, and your souls would undoubtedly have leaped with joy, and even, I think, with pride."

THE DIVINE FIRE OF PATRIOTISM

The remarkable fact is that the country has never given any cause for this pride to blush. Indeed, it has grown with the Cardinal, for in one of his latest sermons, he speaks of "the splendid spectacle of a nation of seven millions, which on the evening of August 2d with one accord; not only refused to allow its honor to be held in question for a moment, but which throughout more than thirty months of ever-increasing moral and physical suffering, on battlefields, in military and civil prisons, in exile, under an iron domination, has remained imperturbable in its self-control; and has never once so far yielded as to cry: 'This is too much! This is enough!'

"You will remember how, some fifteen months ago, we told you: Certain highly placed men, who ought to have taken a loftier view of events, sometimes went so far as to say: But after all, was it necessary for Belgium to sacrifice herself thus in defense of her territory? Would not a verbal protest have sufficed, and would this not have saved her from ravages that have brought her to the verge of ruin? This language, I told you, had roused my indignation, and more than once I had given utterance to that indignation under the stimulus of internal revolt." And he added, "Well, I never hear this language on any lips now."

Again and again he has claimed that whatever shadows there might be in the picture, whatever weaknesses individuals might have shown, whatever malefactors might have spied or traded on the poverty of their fellows, they were few compared with the vast number whose minds and hearts had never wavered in the terrible test to which they were being put.

There is no doubt that Cardinal Mercier's justified pride in his country made his anger hotter at Germany's charge that it was the violence of the Belgians that forced them to their murderous military measures. The accusation against Belgium made by Emperor William in his telegram to President Wilson early in September, 1914, arouses to-day, in the light of all that has passed, loathing for its lies and contempt for its stupidity. The Emperor cabled the President:

"The Belgian Government has publicly encouraged the civilian population to take part in this war, for which it has been long carefully preparing. The cruelties committed in the course of this guerilla warfare, by women and even by priests and doctors and nurses, have been such that my Generals have been obliged at last to have recourse to the severest measures to punish the guilty and to hinder the bloodthirsty population from continuing to commit these abominable crimes. Several villages, and even the town of Louvain, have had to be destroyed (except the very beautiful Town Hall) for our defense and the protection of my troops. My heart bleeds when I see that such measures are rendered inevitable, and when I think of the number-

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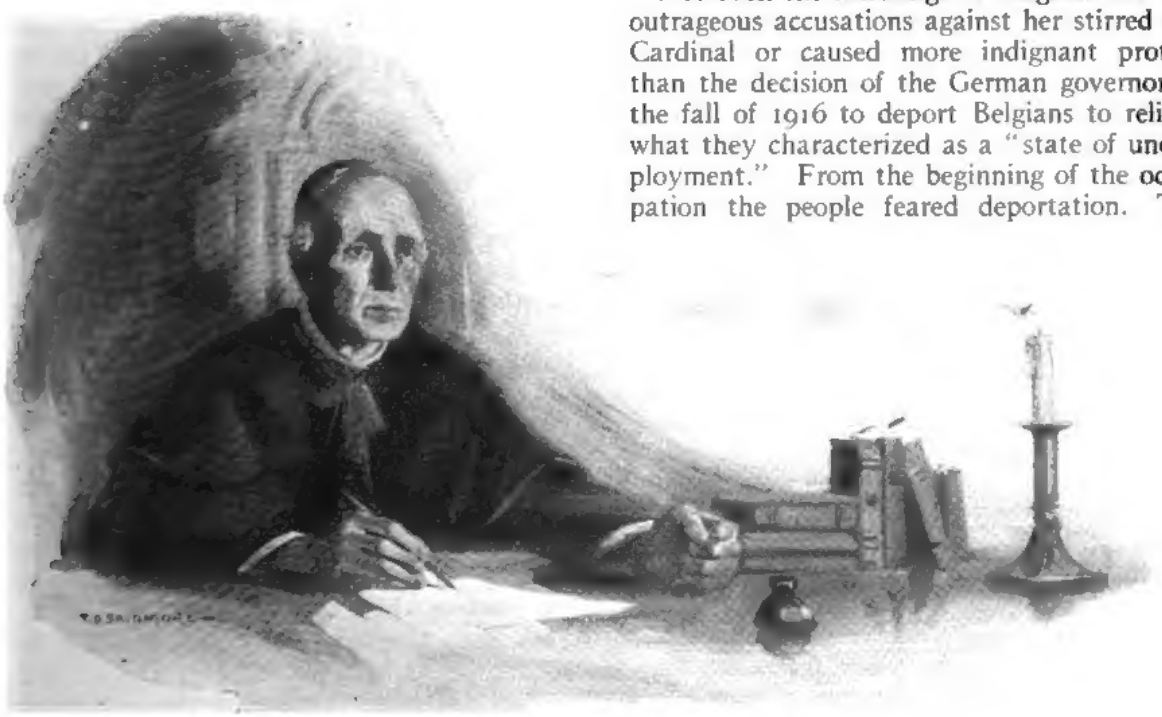
less innocent people who have lost their homes and property in consequence of the crimes in question."

APPEAL TO TRUTH

This effort to make the world believe that poor little Belgium was mutilating the German armies to such a point that they were obliged to line up men and shoot them by the hundreds never convinced anybody outside of Germany. It was one of many examples that we have that a curious blindness in the German mind leads it constantly to destroy its own case. But Cardinal Mercier was not willing for an hour to let the accusation pass. Every blot that they tried to put unjustly upon his people, he rose to erase. On November 24, 1915, he issued the now famous Appeal to Truth: "To Their Eminences the Cardinals and Their Lordships the Bishops of Germany, Bavaria and Austria-Hungary." It was a protest fired with righteous indignation at the calumny that the Emperor was trying to spread. I have been told by members of the American Relief Commission that there was doubt even in their minds of the wisdom of issuing this appeal. It was feared that it might arouse the Germans, now thoroughly in occupation, but embittered by the silent, orderly protest of the grave and enduring people, so as to make it impossible for the Commission to act. The Cardinal would hear to no counsel of policy. The honor of Belgium was more than the life of their bodies, he said. The world must know the facts as he believed them to be. He did not ask that they believe him. What he did ask was that "his dear brethren in the faith, and priesthood," as he calls the Eminent German prelates, should with him and his colleagues set up a tribunal to hear both sides.

Cardinal Mercier laid down full details for the carrying out of the tribunal for which he asked. His Appeal to Truth was signed by five bishops. It was accompanied by a series of convincing documents, sworn statements of the sufferings that the Belgians had endured, all of them infractions of the Hague conventions. The German priests gave no answer to the Appeal. The world, however, has long ago made its decision.

Not even the sufferings of Belgium and the outrageous accusations against her stirred the Cardinal or caused more indignant protest than the decision of the German governor in the fall of 1916 to deport Belgians to relieve what they characterized as a "state of unemployment." From the beginning of the occupation the people feared deportation. The



"To-day," he wrote, "it is no longer war; it is cold calculation, premeditated destruction, the victory of might over right, the debasement of human nature, a defiance of humanity"

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Cardinal feared it. When Antwerp capitulated he was clever enough to demand in writing the intentions of the German governor of the city. He was assured in writing that young men need have no fear of being sent to Germany, either to be enrolled in the army, or to be employed at forced labor. Later he secured the same assurance from Von der Goltz, the then German Governor-general. These assurances he was adroit enough to have read in all the churches.

When in the fall of 1916 the deportation began the Cardinal at once wrote to Von Bissing, who had succeeded Baron von der Goltz, recalling the promise, and asking in the name of the pledge given him to have the measure for compulsory labor and deportation repealed. An amazing correspondence followed. If he could not keep his promise, the Governor-General said it was because things had changed. It was England's fault. England's fault that Belgians had nothing to do. The idle were a menace to public order. Idleness was the worst enemy of family life. Send them to Germany and they would earn higher wages than ever had been known in Belgium. He was sorry, but if they did not see the great advantages that were to follow from having work under these advantageous circumstances, there would be nothing to do but use compulsion.

VON BISSING ADMITS THE TRUTH

Governor von Bissing was never very clever and he gave himself away finally in his letters by stating the real reason of deportation. It was necessitated by "community of interests." He could not understand why Belgium could not see that henceforth whatever she had in the world must be by the consent and through the magnanimity of Germany. She was a conquered country. She was necessary to Germany's plan of domination. Why could she not see it and be wise? But since she was so blind to her own interests as to resist, to remain unreconciled to her fate, she must be "absorbed." Deport her young men. They can work in Germany, also settle! We know from Von Bissing's last testament how convinced he was that Belgium must remain under Germany's rule. "What else did we go to war for?" he cries in effect. He was hurt that his efforts to "dress the wounds of Belgium," as he had put it to the Cardinal on his arrival as Governor-General, should have been so misunderstood. Of course the "dressing" had to be done according to German methods! If they would not accept that what could they expect but force? The German is bewildered by the insistence that there are things which, as Cardinal Mercier says, cannot be weighed or calculated, such as "Justice, Honor, Peace, Liberty."

The bungling evasions of Von Bissing brought from the Cardinal a blaze of wrath. "As if the word of an honest man were annullable at the end of one or two years like an officer's lease," he wrote. "If it is England's fault, why not direct vengeance at her," not against "an inoffensive and disarmed people." As for fear of disorder, "five million Belgians and hundreds of Americans are astonished witnesses of the dignity and unwavering patience of our working class." "Cast no stone at the people. It is entitled to your respect." If idle, why idle? Because Germany has seized and sent out of the country machinery, tools and metals from mills and workshops, because every effort to diminish unemployment and to provide work had been paralyzed by the Occupying Power.

"Unemployment" was desired. "An army of unemployed was being recruited." "The community of interests whose great value for us is lauded in your letter is not the normal equilibrium of commercial exchange, but the predominance of the strong over the weak."

"Two years ago we faced death, pillage and conflagration, but it was war. To-day it is no longer war, it is cold calculation, premeditated destruction, the victory of might over right, the debasement of human nature, a defiance of humanity."

His words cut and burn like swords of hot steel. He handles them with the adroitness of the most skilled dialectician. His sermon on Christian Vengeance disposes in masterful, admirable fashion of the uneasy sentiment which confounds charity and justice, mercy and defense of right. It is profound in its knowledge of human beings and the quality of the motives which sway them.

"Do not confound pride and bravery, or pusillanimity and humility," he says. "God has given you the grace to live in the most tragic epoch of our history. Forge yourselves virile souls. Courage, like all the virtues, is acquired and developed by exercise. You have heavy responsibilities, but let them not make you timorous. 'If God puts ten pounds on a man,' says an English writer, 'He gives him

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strength to bear twenty.' The essential thing is that you proceed conscious of your dependence on God. His arm will raise you to the level of each task."

The more the world learns of Cardinal Mercier, the higher it places him among the very few superior men who have been developed in this world war. His passionate sympathy, his complete courage, his adroit and unanswerable arguments in the cases where he has clashed with the Occupying Power, all put him high among men, not only of his day, but of any day. An extraordinary and complete confidence in the justice of God in all of this misery pervades everything that he writes and says like some celestial light. The man may cry out in agony, but he does not doubt. Some of his expressions of faith with which he comforts his people, and we must believe sustains his own soul, are among the finest to be found in this kind of writing.

TRUE SAINT—TRUE MAN

I am told by those who worked with the Cardinal in Belgium that the first impression he makes is one of extraordinary spirituality A member of the Belgian Commission told me that the first time he went into his presence his instinctive comment was, "Here is a saint"; but when he grasped his hand, and looked into his eye, he said, "Here is a man."

The face is very unusual. Its dominating feature is the nose, large, fine, resolute. His lips are full, conspicuously full, but very firm. The eyes are deep set, changeable, with overhanging brows. In every feature it recalls an interesting comment of his own on the portrait of St. Francis de Sales: "An old fellow-worker and university friend of mine had a favorite saying that at forty a man is responsible for his countenance. St. Francis de Sales fashioned his by almost fifty years of ceaseless labor. Of an ardent and even choleric temperament, he became a model of meekness, and numbers were accustomed to speak of him as 'meek St. Francis de Sales.' Let none, however, fall into the error of believing that his meekness was a spontaneous grace springing from a soft and timid nature; it represented the victory of a will accustomed to govern the emotions and to rely on a fortitude, or firmness of soul, which nothing could dishearten and nothing overcome."

All seem to succumb to Cardinal Mercier's extraordinary personality. An American interested in the Belgian Relief Fund tells of going with one of the great radicals of Belgium, a man in conflict with the church. He warned the American to be careful, that the Cardinal was a wily person, that a man of his ecclesiastical way of thinking was not to be trusted; but before the two had been long in the Cardinal's presence, both had completely yielded to his wonderful personality, his rightness, his clear thinking, his glowing sympathy. I have never talked with one of the Americans who in the Belgian work met the Cardinal who did not declare him a great man, a very great man, and one called him, "the greatest man that he had ever conceived."

With every word and every gesture reported, it is hard to understand why they let him pass

It is this man who to-day, as he has since the beginning of the war, speaks to the American people. At the last visit which American members of the Belgian Relief Commission paid him before leaving the country for home, stretching out his arms, he said to them in farewell, "Belgium is in your hands."

She is still in our hands.

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The Red Cross—
The Unity of Humanity

By Dr. Frank Crane

IN ALL this welter and confusion, wars and rumors of war, through all the hate and slaughter and accusation and denial and misunderstanding, runs one deep, low tone of harmony.

Beneath the painful discord is one healing tone, a broad, unifying diapason.

It is the Red Cross.

Among our strident Inhumanities this is the one thing Human.

We may quarrel in traffic, strive in politics and party, envy in learning, contend over possessions, and wound and slay in angry pride, but in a gesture of Mercy we all, friend and foe, suddenly fuse and blend.

One touch of Mercy makes the whole world kin.

The Red Cross is the inarticulate protest of Humanity against the doings of Nations.

It is the assurance of the Christ that He has not wholly abandoned His world.

The Red Cross does not strive nor cry, neither shall you hear its voice in the streets.

It is that bruised reed which shall not break, and that smoking flax which shall not quench, until judgment be sent forth to victory.

It is the persistent urge of Love Almighty that no frightfulness can dismay, nor clamant fury can silence.

Pestilence, earthquake, famine and war never unfurl their terrible banners, but the legions of the Red Cross flock to the fray, to do silent and blessed battle for the victims of man's or nature's cruelty.

Rage passes, and the contentions of men and nations die down, but Mercy is everlasting, and when the Red Sword shall be sheathed for weariness of slaughter the Red Cross, still young and eager, shall continue its redemptive labors.

Here we are one. The Red Cross knows no nation, no race, no creed; it knows only Humanity.

In all things else is the rage of Competition; in Pity alone is the enthusiasm of Coöperation.

And when that "Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World," shall arrive, when some day reason shall have conquered passion, and law shall have triumphed over violence, and Democracy shall have slain the last ancient spectre of Privilege, and the rulers of nations shall have met in conclave to take council how to shepherd their peoples and not to destroy them, then above whatever banner shall be unfurled over the assembly dome there shall fly that flag which first stood for the Unity of Humanity, the flag with the Red Cross.

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Americans All

Glimpses of War and the Red Cross on the great East Side of New York

By Chloe Arnold

THAT little shaded spot on the map is the East Side of New York City. It is about a mile wide and its greatest length is a mile and a half. Lay this out in your town or in any bit of country you know well. Think of this space (which in an ordinary town would contain at most a few thousand people) as having nearly 600,000 inhabitants, and imagine further that two-thirds of them are foreign born, and a majority of the remainder have foreign born parents. Then you will realize what a strange packed city within a city the East Side is. It is the greatest mixture of races on earth—Italians, Poles, Chinese, Russian Jews, Lithuanians, Greeks and representatives of a dozen other nationalities.

The Red Cross has captured the interest and imagination of these people. Thousands of them and thousands of their children work for it—a wonderful bit of testimony to the great fact that the Red Cross is helping to weld us into one nation.

Here are some pictures of how it is affecting our East Side neighbors and their children, put in words by Chloe Arnold, one of the clever writers of the New York Sun.

HENRY Street lies in a quaint old part of the lower East Side which somehow manages to retain a reposeful air of faded gentility. Though of fine days that thoroughfare swarms with people, and one would think that it was a spot of perpetual fairs.

Here is an Italian vendor, selling turnips to a cosmopolitan though shrewd clientele. He makes merry remarks to his customers, and there is a certain gallantry in the very manner in which he weighs out his wares. Near him, a solemn Russian Jew is baking bread in an oven on wheels. He is a tragic person, with a black skull cap and curling beard, and seems to feel his full responsibility in the serious business of preparing the staff of life.

Peasant women, in the gay shawls and gaudy jewelry of their native country, converse among themselves; while the picturesque oaken casks from Serbia give a strange air to what used to be a placid street in old Dutch Manhattan.

At a first glance at the spirited life of the street, these people seem to have nothing in common with the rest of the country. But you understand that this is not a separate and alien civilization when you see the service flags of coarsest bunting (looking somehow very luminous in the morning sunlight), the flags waving from the fire-escapes, and the Red Crosses gleaming in the windows.

Two Italian women were walking toward the Jacob Riis Settlement. I followed them.

"My baby is asleep," one said, finding English a difficult medium, "so I go to sew for this Red Cross. They are very kind to our poor, dear wounded."

She laughed about being afraid to leave the little girl asleep in her carriage on the street. "Every one has a baby, why should they take mine?"

Before going into the sewing room, she stopped to tell about her brother in Italy.

"He was in the third army," she said, "and he was wounded at Gorizia. There he lay upon the rocks with his poor comrades for many hours. Then they come and take him to the hospital at Latisana. And the nurse she writes that he will be blind.

"Then we hear no more news, only that the Austrians take Latisana, and kill all the men in the hospital. I wish," she said, "that Italy knew what a great country America is, and then my poor countrymen would take heart."

In a circle, about a Red Cross worker, a dozen women were hard at work making pajamas. Several solemn, brown-eyed children sat near, in an ominous quiet, for they had not been there long.

The workers were willing, but not very skilled. There were a few disputes upon the

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MAKING WOODEN KNITTING NEEDLES
Boys, after school hours, give time to making wooden knitting needles for the Red Cross

merits of not basting the garments, and some insisted that a crooked pocket would not matter. But the principal exciting talk was about a play which the "Girls' Club" of the settlement had given a few days before.

These young girls all work in factories or department stores, but they have time to do Red Cross work of evenings. They needed some more wool, and decided to give a play to raise the money.

They had selected a thrilling melodrama, called "The Burglar," and had plans for giving it in the "Roosevelt Gymnasium." (One learns from the bronze tablet here that the room was "built by Colonel Roosevelt's friends." Also, in bronze they have cast Roosevelt's advice to the American boy: "Hit the line hard; don't foul, and don't shirk, but hit the line hard.")

Admission was fixed at five and ten cents, and the show fetched in six dollars. However, when the cast came to be chosen, there was a great wrangle For some Russian Jews in the neighborhood were the best actors to be had, though when some of them were asked to take parts, they said they didn't care to.

Which was all right. But none of them came to the entertainment. Accordingly, a committee visited them; for the neighborhood considered that they were pacifists. And though the "Roosevelt Gymnasium" could never be a suitable place for a pacifist, the committee insisted upon an explanation.

The investigators found that the Russians had sold everything of value in the house; that they were starving themselves, and doing extra work so that they could send money to Russia And they explained that their people over there were starving, and had begged for help

Of course the censure of pacifism was withdrawn, and these poor Italian women were thinking of helping their Russian neighbors, according to their last scrap of conversation. One loves the spirit of this street, especially that in the East Side Free School for Crippled Children which is but a few squares from the Jacob Riis Settlement.

Little children played at jack stones about low tables, or pieced together brilliant scraps of paper. But in one side of the room, a group of older girls and boys were much interested literally absorbed—in knitting.

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THE GIRLS FROM CHINATOWN

They knit sweaters and the more difficult garments; their work is exquisite, perhaps the best the Red Cross gets

These, like all the two or three hundred others in the school, were crippled. And they had in their faces the look of battle-scarred veterans. They had met the enemy and had known suffering. But just now they were all knitting.

Downstairs they had many mufflers, and wristlets and some sweaters. Yes, and a great woolen blanket, the squares for which the children knit themselves. And the superintendent said that the children would knit all the time, if allowed. They know about the war, and are interested in our soldiers.

So that when you read that the Red Cross has sent so many thousand knitted garments to the soldiers, you will know that some of them came from these hands.

ROSIE AND ROCCO

I have a notion that Miss Angela Simonson in whose little first-aid room I saw the Red Cross gleaming, is one of the unknown heroines of the East Side. She is nurse for the Church of the Land and Sea Parish, and director of Red Cross work in the church house.

It was before four o'clock, when the crowds of women with their pitiful sick children come to Miss Simonson, that she told me the story of Rosie and Rocco Leoncavallo. The Leoncavallos are poor, and never boast that a man of their name composed one of the most popular operas Caruso sings. So they must not know it.

"Rocco," Miss Simonson said, "though he was much loved by his mother, was never a great success at anything. He hated digging for the subway, which he had to do, as his father was in the same business. And he seldom kept any job long. But when his father would tell him that he would not amount to anything, he would deny it. And say that they would see.

"Rosie, his sister, is seven, and she, with her mother, made plans for giving Rocco a great dinner in honor of his eighteenth birthday which was in last February.

"As soon as Rocco heard about it, he begged them not to give him a party. For he knew that the great cake made of meat and vegetables cost three dollars.

"Evening came, and the pie was on the table. Rocco would soon be at home and

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everything was ready for him. Dinner time passed, but no one ate because it was Rocco's party. Finally Rosie was put to bed. But the mother waited. At length, Rocco's chum came in. He said he had news for the mother. Rocco had that day enlisted, and had gone to camp. Would she forgive him?

"Of course the mother wept and was inconsolable. As for Rosie, she had learned in the school what the Red Cross was. And she came to me and asked for wool. She said she was going to knit everything that Rocco needed."

Such is the account of how one service flag and one Red Cross was placed in a certain window.

As we talked, an elderly Jewess, wrapped in a black shawl, came in. Her hard, rough hands were warped with rheumatism. But she had beautiful hair, and a light in her eye that one liked.

"My own boy is in France," she said, in picturesque English-Yiddish, "and before he went, the Red Cross gave him everything he needed. Some women knitted them for him. And now, I will knit for some other boy."

She took the wool and left immediately. For the Jewish women are very shy, and seldom venture into houses not of their own people.

In Henry Street, many women who cannot leave their children alone help Miss Simonson. This has created a new duty for the Junior Red Cross. And Miss Simonson has a band of little girls who take the wool about, and fetch the finished work back. These she allows to wear small flags, a Red Cross badge (which they have earned) on their coats, and to speed on their errands with wool in bags embellished with large Red Crosses.

The East Side children are interpreters between their parents and the rest of the world. And in foreign districts, the Junior Red Cross is a flourishing institution. There, too, the women are less skilled in making

THE JUNIOR MESSENGERS

A band of little girls who take the wool about and fetch the finished work back

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surgical dressings and sewing, though Miss Simonson had just ordered 1,400 yards of gauze.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CHINA

The Bowery is now a shabby street, overshadowed by a bad reputation and the Third Avenue elevated. But even in its most distinguished day, perhaps no more interesting group of people ever met there than the twenty-five girls from Chinatown, knitting for the Red Cross.

Once inside the Chinese mission, I heard a voice asking:

"Ung Choy, will you teach me how to purl?"

Western world people are likely to be a little contemptuous about such names as Ung Choy, until they learn that it means "Beautiful Bird of Paradise."

Though Ung Choy could not be scorned. For she has a rich olive complexion with cheeks like the petals of a Killarney rose.

The girls, themselves, were wearing Chinese coats, with American skirts and shoes—a strange sight, indeed, for American eyes. Though as they sat there knitting, with their elaborately embroidered bags, they appeared to have dived into civilization head first. For the Chinatown girl who doesn't follow the latest Fifth Avenue style in hair-dressing is a curiosity, a pig-tail in Europe.

The conversation was mostly in English, with now and then a lapse into their own tongue. They were speaking of a Chinese Industrial Commission which had the night before been at Columbia University.

"We could not understand a word they said," Oi Lee explained, "because they were Pekinese, and we know only Cantonese."

(Oi means love, and by some feat of the translator's art they have it Helen. Helen Lee, then, is the director of Red Cross in Chinatown. She is seventeen years old, the oldest of eight children, and a student in the New York University.)

"Fancy," she said, "not being able to understand the language of another city in your own country. China is too old fashioned for these times."

"I notice that they never speak of having come from China; but of being Cantonese, or Pekinese. And they seem to know no more of one another than if they lived in entirely different countries."

Not long ago, any man in Chinatown would have felt disgraced to think that he had a daughter who had opinions. But custom is no longer the sacred law in Chinatown. And a man is not shocked that his daughters know how to read.

However, the mothers of the Daughters of China retain all their old-world customs. They will not go to the shops to buy clothing for their children. The missionary must do that for them. Moreover, they never leave their houses, and they do not know how to read.

In consequence, the daughters are regaining their lost favor. They come home and tell their mothers all the news. And after these mothers had heard of the Red Cross through their college-girl daughters, they wanted to help, too.

They knit sweaters and the more difficult garments. And their work is exquisite, perhaps the best the Red Cross gets, though they have but recently learned to knit. After the intricacies of the chop-stick, the knitting needle could not trouble them.

Not that these people have anything to do with the Daughters of China. For these girls are as American as any school and college girls in the country. Though doubtless they have their struggle, standing half way between two conceptions of civilization.

The idea that a Chinaman would be interested in any civic or national affair here, is preposterous. But Mr. Chin Yin, the artist, or so they called a snowy-haired Chinaman, looked on the knitting, and said that whoever turned out the best piece of work would get a butterfly. Which stimulated the natural zeal, as Mr. Chin Yin's butterflies are beautiful.

For the photograph we went to Chinatown, which lies in a set of winding streets off Chatham Square. Now, photographers are hated and feared down there. This is because newspapers printed pictures of Chinese and their children, and much "for the sake of the story" which never did happen, and never would.

"We're for it," the Daughters of China said about the picture, in such a brisk, un-Oriental manner.

But this was not as incongruous as the sight of four young Chinese, who walked through Doyers Street in the twilight. They were all in the olive drab of the American Army.

"I suppose," one of them said, "that this is about the last look at home we'll have."

But the reply was lost in the roar of the elevated.

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The New Crusaders Enter Jerusalem

General Allenby and his soldiers welcomed with joy

With four paintings by N. C. WYETH *made especially for The Red Cross Magazine*

THE real significance of the joy over capturing Jerusalem runs back for thirty centuries into history. At heart it is all summed up in the simple fact that General Allenby entered Jerusalem, not as conqueror, but as liberator.

What a grim irony, then, that the name of Jerusalem—the Abode of Peace—should be borne by a city that has never seen peace! Before General Allenby came to her, she had suffered seventeen sieges, and been beset and encircled by enemies on a further score of occasions. All through her history she has been torn by dissension, racked and blinded with treachery, scorched with the flames of riot. Race has raged against race and religion against religion from the days of David.

Yet Jerusalem has survived—seated there on a forbidding spur of scarred and ravined rock, the centre for the eyes of the world.

One would have thought that even his familiar, melodramatic habit of gesticulating in the centre of an artificial limelight would have been discarded by Kaiser Wilhelm when entering a city of such associations.

On the contrary, the stage-management was the more elaborate in order to impress the oriental mind. The City Moat was filled, and a new road made for the feet of the Kaiser's horses as they bore him proudly into the city. Whether the Kaiser impressed the Turkish governors of Palestine, one cannot know. But the people at large, and particularly the Arabs, were filled with disgust by his vulgarity, and with anger at his uncouth condescensions.

And then, after a campaign faultlessly conceived and executed by unerring staff work and irresistible valor, the Holy City, cut off on all sides, was surrendered without so much as a shell or a bullet touching one of its stones, and General Allenby approached its walls to make formal occupation. Throughout the whole campaign, as it ran from Gaza and Beersheba up the Maritime Plain to Jaffa and Askalon, and inland to Hebron and Bethoron, the civil population did not flee in terror from the invading army, but hailed it as their liberator from an alien yoke.

Without pomp or pageantry, unheralded by bugle or gun, General Allenby, preceded by his aides-de-camp and with his American, French and Italian colleagues on either side of him, walked under the shadow of the Jaffa Gate, called by the inhabitants "the Gate of the Friend," into the sunlit space within the walls. Moslems, Armenians, and Jews had run out to meet the General. Walking straight on General Allenby mounted the raised pavement in front of the Gateway of David's Tower. Here he read aloud the proclamation in which occurred the memorable words:

> It is my desire that every person should pursue his lawful business without fear of interruption.
>
> Since your city is regarded with affection by the adherents of three of the great religions of mankind, and its soil has been consecrated by the prayers and pilgrimages of multitudes of devout people of these three religions for many centuries, therefore do I make known to you that every sacred building, monument, Holy Spot, shrine, traditional site, endowment, pious bequest, or customary place of prayer, of whatever form of the three religions, will be maintained and protected according to the existing customs and beliefs of those to whose faith they are sacred.

Overhead the airplanes droned, drawing upward the eyes of the curious onlookers.

This ceremony over, General Allenby entered the barrack square and stood facing the walls of David's Tower. Here he received the Mayor of Jerusalem and the sheiks in charge of the Mosques of Omar and Aksa, three representatives of the Jewish communities—the Spanish, German, and Eastern.

That short ceremony, with its proclamation of justice and freedom, meant that for the first time in all its three thousand years there is now the real hope that Jerusalem will become permanently "The Abode of Peace."

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The Twentieth Century and the First—The Dramatic Contrast of an English Tank in the Streets of Jerusalem

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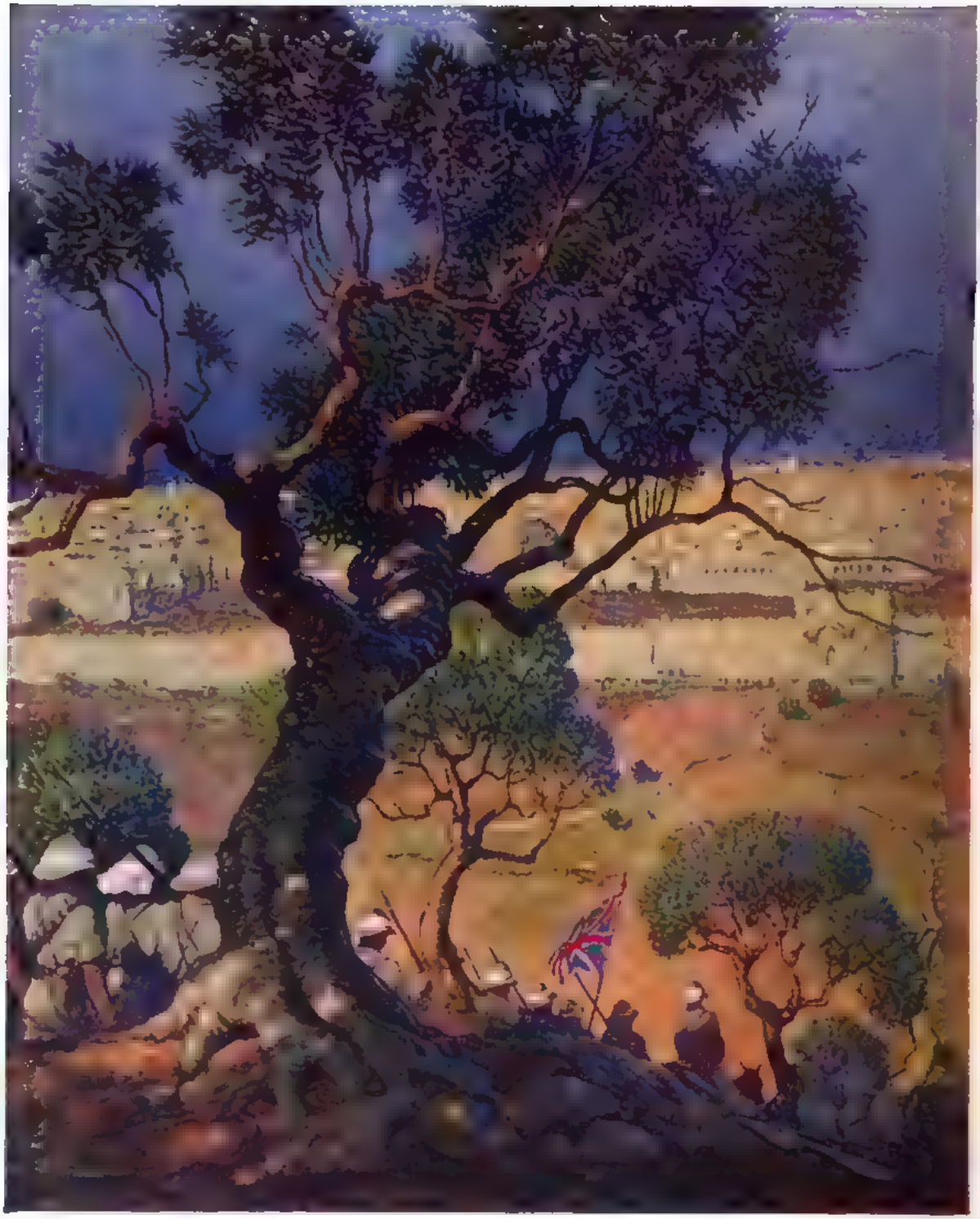

**What the Crusader Dreamed of Has Now Come True—
The English Troops Descending the Mount of Olives**

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The Sign in the Heavens Which the Judean Shepherds Watching Their Flocks See This Year

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The Golden Gate in the Wall of Jerusalem
With a Jewish Cemetery in the Foreground

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Stout-Hearted Amabile

A Heroine of the Italian Plains

By Edith MacVane

Author of "Her Word of Honor," etc.

The Italian Retreat—"A Rolling Snowball of Human Misery"

IT WAS beautiful Italy's dark hour. Caught between the deadly shears of traitors within and enemies without, her armies had suffered something like a temporary rout; and fighting inch by inch had retreated back over the hardly won *terra irredenta*, back over the old frontier, back over the beautiful Italian Tyrol, back over the provinces of Friuli Istria, Udine—down into the fertile plains of the Veneto; back, back to the last line of defences, to the very gates of lovely Venice herself. And before the retreating hosts of the Italians, a rolling snowball of human misery and terror, the unhappy inhabitants of the invaded regions fleeing before the advance of the *Kultur*—whole countrysides and cities evacuating homes and fleeing on foot at the approach of an invading army.

Poor things! They arrived in Milan by every train; thousands of family groups no less desolate than that of little Amabile Taglialegna whose story I am going to tell—thousands of mothers no less devoted and heroic than she. The old, the helpless, the crippled, the ill!

To give food and shelter to these unhappy people—yesterday respectable householders in a small way, to-day mere hungry, dirty, homeless wanderers—became the immediate business of Italy, but above all of Milan. Not only the nearest to the scene of disaster, she is also proud of her title as the "*Citta generosa*"—the wealthiest, most open-handed of Italian cities. It was at this moment that American charity, arriving promptly from Paris in the form of Red Cross officers, stepped in eager to do its part. Here in Milan, American relief work has found concrete expression in three new-sprung and flourishing institutions—the Shelter, the Soup Kitchen, and the Comfort Station for passing soldiers.

Of these three the *Ricovero* or Shelter, which took in Amabile and her family, is perhaps the most picturesque and touching, as it is the most indispensably useful, for it shelters the helpless ones, the little children and the mothers whom their clinging broods render as helpless as they.

Women and children! Women and children! The tenuous, ever springing flame of life and the priestesses who tend it. Little bullet-headed boys; little girls with blonde Venetian curls, already recovered from the fatigue of the march and bursting with rebellion against the restraint of their quarters; babies that are beginning to toddle, babies in arms, babies swaddled till they seem no more than slabs with moving heads—and strangest, most moving of all, two tiny infants that opened their poor little staring eyes on life during the horrors of the retreat. Nowhere, could they be more tenderly nursed back to health than here, under the protection of the flag which stands for Kindness and Plenty.

IT WAS in the last days of October that the Austrian bombs began to fall on Latisanotta in the Veneto, and on the old stone farm-house of the Taglialegna family. Almost every night Amabile had to wake the children, wrap them warmly and carry them down into the cellar, and this not once but three, four times in a single night.

This was the more fatiguing because now there were six little tots instead of three. Two months before, her sister-in-law had died of typhoid, leaving to Amabile the three babies of her brother Giovanni. Of Giovanni himself, absent at the front since the beginning of Italy's war, no news had been received since July. Any hope that he might have survived the summer's fierce fighting on the Carso had almost been abandoned.

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As Amabile returned to her home, she ran into the very thick of the commencing battle

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As for Amabile's husband, Beppo, it was only a few days since she had received official notice of his death in the taking of Monte Santo. That night she had almost hesitated about taking the children to the cellar; for she had loved her husband with all the profound devotion of her passionate Italian heart. Would it not be best if a bomb fell on them all, and sent them to join the "babbo?" Then the baby wailed and clutched at her, and little Amabile found strength to live for the children's sake.

And by the cruelest irony of all, Monte Santo, for which Beppo had given his life, had now been lost again. That splendid victory of Italian arms had been wiped out, undone, and rendered naught by this mysterious and frightful new offensive of the *Tedeschi* (pronounced *Tedeskee*—the generic name, in Italian for Austrians, Prussians and all German-speaking people).

Of dickers between Germany and Austria, of Mackensen's nutcracker tactics and the traitorous peace propaganda sowed among Italian soldiers, Amabile knew nothing. She only saw the tragic spectacle of a retreating army filing toward the south. Then the Austrian bombs began to fall every night on the little town of Latisana, and on its suburbs of prosperous farms, Latisanotta. Some of the timid spirits began to speak even of packing up a few articles and fleeing south to Venice, to Verona, while there was yet time.

Amabile (I hope you are pronouncing her name in four syllables and with the A's *very* broad) was, however, as brave as she was hard-working and pretty—which is saying much in a province famed, like the Veneto, for its beautiful, energetic women. Despite the grief fresh in the heart they had no idea of giving up the fight and running away from a few bombs. Before all it was her duty to look after the "roba"—the goods and gear that the Taglialegna family, prosperous tenant farmers, had accumulated in a hundred and ten years of occupancy.

The final summons came quickly. Though all day the soldiers had been excavating trenches and setting up cannon all over the forty fields of the Taglialegna farm, Amabile and her family had gone to bed as usual. Twice they had been awakened by the usual alarm of enemy airplanes, and forced to take refuge in the cellar. Then, at two o'clock came a sudden sharp tap at the door downstairs—Amabile, leaping from the bed, ran to the window; in the darkness she saw the moving shapes of Italian soldiers.

"*Vengono I Tedeschi: Via! Via!*"—("The Germans are coming! Away! Away!")

Her father, Luigi Taglialegna, refused to budge; for, though seventy-eight years old, he had a stout heart and a sense of duty that held him at his post. And in the stable was not only his own stock but a number of fine blooded horses and cows, the property of the *padrone*, or landlord.

"You go along with your mother and the children," he said to his daughter Amabile, "and as soon as dawn breaks I will follow with the stock."

So Amabile set out on her woeful Odyssey, with her aged mother and the six children.

As the old mother was unable to carry any burden, Amabile disposed of the two infants by fastening one to her back with a scarf, and carrying the other in her arms. From her two slim shoulders, by means of a yoke such as is used for carrying water pails, she slung the sacks containing bread, a few blankets and a change of little underclothes for the children. Thus burdened, she set out on her journey into the unknown.

That first day they made thirty kilometers, or nineteen miles. That evening they slept in a country stable. The question that now presented itself to Amabile was that of her father's safety. At his age, with failing strength and with the battle thickening around him, how could he travel that nineteen miles to rejoin them as he had promised? Unhesitatingly, Amabile decided that if she wished to see her father again, she must go back and fetch him herself.

So, when the first rays of the rising sun peeped over the horizon, Amabile made her humble preparations for the comfort of the helpless band she left behind her, took off her own shoes and stockings so that she could run more lightly, kissed her babies goodbye, and set back where all the procession was moving one way and she ran north alone.

LATISANA, be it understood, stands about twenty-five miles north of the now famous river Tagliamento, where the Italian army made its last stand but one for the defense of Venice. And as Amabile returned to her home, she ran into the very thick of the commencing battle. The cannon, how-

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ever, bothered her but little. It was the enemy airplanes, the same that had persecuted her last nights in her home, that now rendered her path a terrible one. As the Italians had as yet no time to mount the anti-aircrafts, the Austrians hovered over the very heads of the stream of wretched refugees, choosing and picking off their victims with a kind of grim perversion of the hunting instinct.

In America it would seem that there exists a kind of idea that the Austrian is another sort of an enemy from the Prussian—more chivalrous, more humane. What would Americans say to see, as Amabile saw, an Austrian airplane swoop down over a toiling family group consisting of a young mother and four little children, and wipe them all out of life with a single bomb?

That is the kind of enemy that Italy is up against.

Amabile, however, kept on—"*sempre correndo e sempre piangendo*" as she herself put it—always running and always weeping. As she neared her home, the stream of refugees on the road grew less. Their places were taken by the corpses of the dead Italian soldiers. In one single kilometer Amabile counted more than a hundred Italian dead—mere boys, so young that they made her weep afresh. By this time she was in the full tide of battle, running among the hastily constructed trenches in which the Italians had sought to organize their defence. From the protection of these trenches, soldiers' voices called to the solitary figure speeding back along the road.

"*Sposina, sposina, dove vai?*"—"Little wife, little wife, where dost thou go?"

To these inquiries her panted reply was always the same:

"I go to Latisanotta to find my father."

Two or three times, in especially bad moments, she took shelter, then climbed out and pushed on. The persuasions of the kind-hearted soldiers, the express prohibition of an officer who saw her, failed to move her. She wept always, for she thought of her babies alone in the stable with her old mother, condemned all to die if she should not return. But she kept on. And as she ran she prayed, a strange fatalistic prayer:

"O Signore—O Lord, make me die if I must, but I keep on to Latisanotta to find my father."

On entering Latisana she found it in the full tide of battle. A tragic detail is that the cannonade had shattered every window-pane in the little town and that the streets were full of broken glass. Amabile's bare feet were cut and lacerated. That night she picked one hundred and twenty-five bits of glass from her bleeding soles.

"*Sposina, sposina, dove vai?*"

"I go to Latisanotta to find my father."

"But the Austrians are already in Latisanotta!" they cried.

Finally an officer, seeing her desperate determination, detailed two soldiers to accompany her. Among the thunder of cannon and the crackle of machine guns, Amabile returned to her old home, by a miracle still standing. Desperately she sought her father through the empty rooms. Then, with a sudden thought, she rushed to the stable. There on the stone flags she found the old man of seventy-eight, in a dead faint beside the live-stock that had been entrusted to him, and which he was ready to defend with his life.

When under his daughter's ministrations he finally opened his eyes, his first words were:

"Where are your mother and the *bambini?* Dead?" For, as Amabile afterward explained, everyone was dead, so this was naturally his first thought.

To urge him away from the place, his daughter and the soldiers had to use force. To the simple, faithful brain of the old peasant, his first and supreme duty was to stay beside the stock. The *Tedeschi* were coming to Latisanotta, were already there? Then reason the more that he should stay and guard the stock of the *padrone!* Finally, his daughter's tears moved him and he followed her.

That evening at sunset, with her father's arm clasped in her hand, Amabile reëntered the old stable where she had left her babies; having performed the incredible feat of walking almost fifty miles between sun and sun on a road crowded with refugees, beaten by shells and bombs; and on the return journey burdened with the weight of a frail and failing old man.

But as yet, her pilgrimage had only begun!

The next morning she packed her bags, lifted her yoke to her shoulders, tied her brother's baby to her back and took up her own baby in her arms. The four toddlers, as she had no hands to give them, clung to her skirts. As for the poor grandfather and grandmother, it was all they could do to drag their own old limbs along the road they had to travel.

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In a little more than two months Amabile convoyed eight children a hundred and fifty miles through a famine-stricken country and under the torment of enemy airplanes

So they set out for Verona, a hundred and fifty miles away. As Amabile explained, she herself would have done it on foot in less than a week. But, burdened with eight helpless beings, of whom she was the sole prop and guardian, she spent over two months on the way.

The road they followed was packed like the market street of a busy city at noon. The southward driving throng moved in three lines: in the middle the camions and automobiles; on one side the soldiers; on the other side the civil population. For an army was in retreat, and the inhabitants of a hundred towns

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and villages were fleeing. Amabile, to keep her little flock from being trampled to death, clung always to the rear of a wagon which might, in a measure, clear the way for her.

The country they crossed, though among the most fertile in Italy, was famine stricken, swept clear of all provisions by a retreating army and a fleeing population. To feed her little flock, Amabile was forced to beg bread from the soldiers; and the kind-hearted lads never failed to share their scanty rations of dry bread with her and her poor little family, fallen in a single day from the estate of prosperous householders to that of beggars on the road.

In such a throng as this, all the tragedies of life took place there on the open road. And always, it rained. The road was churned into deep mire, the unhappy refugees were soaked to the skin, Amabile's four-fold burden was doubled in weight by the absorption of water. And yet, they blessed the rain, because it gave them protection from the Austrian airplanes that worried and slaughtered these poor helpless people at every chance presented them. And always, the flying rumors of enemy troops hard on their rear urged on the failing columns.

They crossed the Tagliamento River, just in time, before the bridges were blown up by the Italian troops to check the advance of the enemy. The bridge that they crossed, however, was continuously harassed by Austrian airplanes, and riddled with holes made by the bombs they dropped. Through the gaping holes thus made, innumerable fugitives fell and were lost in the swift waters below. Amabile saw one wretched mother who had started to cross the bridge with five little children and finished with only two. Amabile herself, however, in spite of the press, convoyed her little brood in safety to the other side.

Her next difficulty was not broken bridges but the lack of them. Like the Belgians, the Italians had interposed the barrier of opened dykes to the progress of the invader, and the low-lying marshes to the north of Venice were flooded. When she encountered a sheet of water that was deeper than the height of the children's heads, Amabile solved the problem by making three trips. First she carried the two babies across; then returned for two more children; then two more again.

By night they slept in such country byres as they could find, fortunate if they found a little straw. Having begged some bread from the passing soldiers, Amabile proceeded to forage a little wood to build a fire. All night she sat tending the fire and drying the children's little wet clothes before it, ready for the morning.

Her own clothes she did not trouble to dry. It was not worth while, as she herself explained. For beneath the burdens which pressed upon her the sweat rained always down from her face and soaked her blouse to the skin; and not only sweat but tears. For as she marched along valiantly she never ceased to weep—for her home, for her country, for her husband newly dead.

A SAD little group they must have made; for the children, after the first day or two, rebelled at the continual walking, and set up a wailing to go home. "Mamma, why don't we go home?" "Auntie, auntie, we tired! We want to go home!"

With the continual hardships and poor food, two of the children fell ill with the fever. The poor old mother developed a bad case of rheumatism. Still the intrepid Amabile carried, coaxed, urged her feeble and failing family along the road. For the cannon were always on their rear, and she dared not lag.

In a little more than two months she reached Verona, having performed the incredible feat of convoying eight helpless human beings for a distance of a hundred and fifty miles through war-wasted, famine-stricken land; and this in a country where the climate is very little less severe than, let us say, the New England seaboard. And always, overhead, the torment of the enemy airplanes.

In Verona, by the care of the kind-hearted prefect, Amabile and her charges were placed on the train and sent to Milan. It is in Milan, however, that their fortunes can truly be said to have changed. For after a few days' residence at one of the municipal refuges, the little fugitive family was conducted to a beautiful palace with rows of twinkling electric lights and long lines of glistening white beds, each one with its sparkling enamel and spotless white counterpane.

At first Amabile, weary though she was, refused point blank to enter. Such splendors, she pointed out, were for the *signori*, not for humble folk like her and her family. To the inviting odor of hot beef broth, however, the

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And strangest, most moving of all, a tiny infant that first opened its poor little staring eyes by the roadside during the horrors of the retreat

modest and valiant creature was able to oppose no further refusal.

So, in a company of about a hundred other fugitives—for Amabile's family were among the late arrivals at Milan—they sat down to an unmistakably magnificent supper of broth, meat and all the fresh crisp bread that they desired. Amabile, of course, took it for granted that such a very special supper marked some *festa;* for, like most Italian peasants, even the prosperous ones, she was used to a diet of dry bread, polenta, vegetables and occasionally sausage. It was explained to her, however, by her fellow guests that this magnificent meal, instead of being the exception was the rule; and not at night only, but also in the middle of the day.

In the most profound and unforgetting grief, a good dinner is a consolation; so is a hot bath, so is a clean white bed. Amabile, her mother and her little ones had all three before they went to sleep that night. The old father, as they knew, was being well cared for in an institution for men. The two little feverish children were taken in charge by a competent trained nurse and made comfortable.

In the heart of Amabile Taglialegna, as in those of the other fugitive women sleeping around her in the beautiful dormitories, gnawed stupefying anxiety and grief; regret for their humble possessions, left behind and irrevocably lost, and profounder, more heart-rending grief for the beloved dead. Strained and shattered nerves ached and twitched; and at the rumble of a cab on the asphalt street outside, the haggard little children woke from their sleep crying out: "Oh mamma! mamma! The airplanes!" so profound, on their fragile nervous systems had been the impression left by the bomb-dropping Austrian murderers.

To time, the great healer, such sorrows and miseries must be left. And, in the meantime, for what regards the vital elements of physical security and comfort, Amabile and her fellow-sufferers were in the care of the most powerful institution of good will existing in the world to-day—the American Red Cross.

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The Button Busters

By Frazier Hunt

Author of "Blown In by the Draft," etc.
Illustrated by JOHN O. TODAHL

LOOKEY—can you do this?"

Private Jimmy O'Keefe of the Army of Freedom drew in a great, deep breath and then suddenly jerked back his shoulders.

Wham! The second, bronze, *Uncle Sam* button on Jimmy's army blouse reading down popped off. "I can expand four inches in my chest now an' I gotta thirty-six inch measurement when I used to didn't have but thirty-two," Private Jimmy modestly proclaimed.

"Ugh! That ain't nuthin," Private Bull Young announced. "Whatcha think the army done to me in four months—well, I gained seventeen pounds, 'at's what I done. Seventeen pounds of mostly bone and muscle."

"Vat's de matter for you—seventeen pounds, ugh, that ain't nutting," Abie Weinstein put his oar in the quiet sea of self and army praise. "Say, you want to know someting maybe—vell I tell you I got thirty pounds in three months. Dis coat is small and tight like a—what you call it? Like a corset. And when I get it last November it was beeg lika overcoat. Ugh, you should make a talk to me."

OUTGROWING THEIR CLOTHES

And so it goes. All over this great country of ours thousands of boys who, a few short months ago, were thin chested, undisciplined, untrained and half developed, have suddenly been transformed into proud, swaggering Button Busters. And the thrill and the pull and glory and care of the army, combined with the magic of out-of-doors, have done it.

A couple of months ago a regiment from Camp Upton, Long Island—where, due to the varied cosmopolitan types of raw materials, the fusing process has perhaps been the most remarkable—marched down Fifth Avenue in New York City. It was the first chance that this skeptical, doubting town had to see what Uncle Sam and Sister or Aunt Columbia—somehow we always think of her as being young and unattached—could do in the line of making men and soldiers out of her city boys. It remembered back five months before when many of these same boys had, with 8,000 other drafted men, shuffled down this same street on the first leg of the long journey that will eventually carry them to Berlin. And when the city came out a second time there were not many grave doubts.

Well, everybody knows what New York's own Button Busters did to the heart of that great city that day—how they marched right into it with their shoulders thrown back and their heads held high and their eyes shining clear and their faces rugged and healthy. To the city and to themselves they gave a new meaning to the word "draft"—and it was one of the deepest respect. They had made good and the army that had worked the miracle had made good.

And it had all been done in about four months' time—shoulders broadened, chests deepened, hearts made right, American hearts, I mean. And back of these 10,000 parading men stood the 35,000 men of Camp Upton—and back of Upton rested in reserve fifteen other great National Army camps; and on the one flank ready for orders marched the 400,000 odd in the sixteen equally great National Guard cantonments; and on the other flank the splendid Regular Army establishment itself. And every man in the million and a half was a Button Buster.

THE BOYS ARE WELL TAKEN CARE OF

"Why, these boys outgrow clothes so fast that it's really quite a serious problem," a high staff officer in one of the big draft army camps told me the other day. "But don't you forget it we're glad enough to give them new uniforms. Why say, they outgrow their shoes, their leggins, their breeches, their blouses—everything, I guess, except their Red Cross garments, and that stuff stretches. Every man in this command has a knit sweater vest and the majority of them have fine, warm,

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knit helmets. Some of them even have knit socks and wristlets and mufflers and about everything they have on is knit except their wrist watches."

And this is just one little way of proving that these precious Button Busters of ours are being well looked after. No millionaire child with three nurses, four tutors, and a couple of guardians, not to mention divers parents, ever had any such what you might call strenuous supervision as these lads.

Six o'clock, for instance, is set as the proper time to arise and greet the morning sun. Does Jimmy or Bull or Abie lie in bed and fuss around and argue the matter of getting up with First Sergeant Red Peters, as they used to with the other members of the family? Not so that you could see it with the naked eye or hear it with the native ear. Jimmy gets up, puts on his knitted outfit and his big, broad-toed, sensible shoes, and the rest of Uncle Sam's contributions and hustles out to the company street to answer roll call.

Then a few minutes later, when they march into mess, does our Jimmy turn up his nose either figuratively or literally at the big, steaming bowl of oatmeal and his slices of bacon and bread and butter and great tin of coffee? Jimmy does not—Jimmy would fight for it, and the second that he gets a decision over this first instalment he marches right up for more.

And after making his own bed and standing inspection—and doing a right neat job of it, too—Jimmy goes forth into the sunshine and the clear fine air to drill and learn to be a soldier, and there's joy in his heart and song on his lips. And he sings it, too. Every step he takes he's whistling or singing—and he's happy.

He's found some real pals in his barracks and he wouldn't leave 'em for anything in the world. He'll grouse and grumble and kick—and that's always been a soldier's prerogative—but just ask him seriously and honestly whether or not, if he had the chance, he'd go home and leave the army and his pals. A hundred to one he'll look a little sheepish and a bit ashamed of himself and then he'll shake his head in the negative. There's something that gets deep under your hide about this profession of button busting.

Then about 11:30 Jimmy and his platoon or company will come back from their work. No telling what they've done or where they've been—possibly practising bombing, or trench raiding, or bayonet exercise, or maybe they've been on a long hike or doing quick time for a mile with Uncle Sam's latest type gas helmets strapped over their faces so that they can get accustomed to wearing them. Or maybe they've been doing some snappy setting-up exercises or physical drills.

And now there's a full half hour to play or rest or sing. Probably, if the weather isn't too severe, footballs will be popping about in the company street and there'll be a basket-ball game and baseball, and a dozen other sports started all at once.

When mess call is sounded at noon, in they come, singing and laughing and teasing one another, hungry enough to eat the very nails out of the wooden walls. And what they do to the big wholesome dinner that the army cooks have ready for them would make ten million mothers in this country sit back and smile and nod to one another and chuckle—and try to keep the tears of pure joy from running right down their cheeks and spoiling all the rice powder.

Afternoon plays a repeat, with a glorious final curtain about 5 o'clock when the bugle sounds for Battalion Retreat. And the long lines of sturdy men in great, olive-drab coats, with their naked bayonets flashing, stand at attention while the evening gun on Headquarters Hill booms, and the flag they have learned to love flutters down from the tall pole, and the regimental bands, playing "The Star Spangled Banner," send a thrill and a high resolve into their hearts.

NOTHING TO DO TILL TO-MORROW

Then the company commanders shout, "Dismissed!" and then comes the race to quarters, with supper in sight. Half of them, wonderfully, almost deliciously tired out, rest on their cots and spin yarns and tell again their tales of gallant deeds of arms and love and song in the already half forgotten days before the world had bravely gone forth to choke, with bare hands, the mad dog let loose against civilization.

Down stairs a score and more are gathered around the company piano singing jazz music or the latest sentimental war song. In the opposite corner three or four are working the poor, old phonograph overtime, while a dozen others are reading books and magazines borrowed from the company library, and another score are writing letters to mothers and best girls back home.

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"All over this great country of ours thousands of boys who, a few short months ago, were thin chested, undisciplined, untrained and half developed, have suddenly

Now comes supper, and it wants to be stated right here that it's a mighty fillin' and satisfactory meal and a better one than about half our Button Busters used to get seven nights a week before they joined the army. Soup, potatoes, macaroni, roast beef, bread and butter, pudding, jam and coffee—and all you can eat—is only a modest sample. And it's been good enough to put from ten to thirty pounds of flesh on the ribs of every boy in the ranks. And that's what you might call the acid test of any diet and any life.

All this leads up to the evening time, when Jimmy can choose carefully from any one of a score of inducements. Entertainments, picture shows, boxing bouts, especially imported Broadway theatricals at a Liberty Theatre, lectures, company shows—why, he's got New York looking like a kerosene circuit town when it comes to having places to go to, and nine tenths of them are free, too.

But Jimmy'll probably just loll around barracks with his own best pals and have a little music on the piano and do a bit of talking and then about nine o'clock roll into the hay. And to Jimmy this business of hitting the hay

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been transformed into proud, swaggering Button Busters. And the thrill and the pull and glory and care of the army, combined with the magic of out-of-doors have done it."

is no old-time jest, but a real, honest-to-goodness proposition, for Jimmy's mattress is actually made of horse feed—but Jimmy doesn't mind it in the least. He has four heavy army blankets, all topped off with a rare, old, back-home red and green rainbow comforter —and you should just hear him sleep!

Twelve hours of open air and sunshine, with three, big, wholesome meals packed in alongside of a lot of smiles and songs and good sport, have given him a tired body, a clear mind, and a happy heart. He wouldn't trade his button busting to be Crown Prince of Germany.

Ten million hands are busy knitting him warm garments, Uncle Sam is busy feeding him and drilling him, and about ninety million others are busy trying to make him comfortable and happy and proud.

Well, I should say not—he wouldn't trade his job. You can be a civilian any old time and for a long, long time, but you can only be a real Button Buster once.

Say, honest now, what wouldn't you give if you could only pop off one of old Uncle Sam's bronze buttons from a real army blouse?

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PRIVATE Harold R. Peat is a Canadian, twenty-five years old, who enlisted at Edmonton in August, 1914. He fought in both the second and third battles of Ypres, two of the fiercest battles of the war. He was in the very first gas attack launched by the Germans. He was at Hill 60 and at Hooge. After being under constant fire for two years he was wounded by a German explosive bullet. His right lung was wrecked and his arm almost paralyzed, but his fighting spirit was undaunted. And to-day he is serving the Allies with the same unremitting ardor by recruiting British subjects in the United States.

Your Faith—How Deep Is It?

By Private Harold R. Peat

Late 3rd Battalion, Canadian 1st Overseas Contingent

"THOU who dwellest high in Thy Heaven, above Cherubim, Seraphim, and Zeppelins, Thou who art enthroned as a God of thunder in the midst of lightning from the clouds, and lightning from sword and cannon, send thunder, lightning, hail and tempest hurtling upon our enemy—and hurl him down to the dark burial pits."

This is a quotation from a battle prayer uttered by Pastor D. Vorwerk. Herr Karl Wilhelm Dietrich Vorwerk is a German. He is a pastor, but he is also the author of several books on religion and on child-psychology. I have never read any of his books. After reading and considering a part of his prayer, I do not think that I want to read his books.

"Send thunder, lightning, hail and tempest hurtling upon our enemy."

At the battle of Loos there appeared to be certain victory in sight of the British troops. A neutral onlooker would have been convinced that nothing could keep the Allied troops from breaking through the enemy line. During the crisis of the battle there came on a rain storm of such terrific violence that few have ever seen its like. The action had to be suspended. At the critical moment, the enemy were left as they stood; at the vital minute our efforts had to cease.

How long shall our faith stand? Where is the limit of the test?

We have been wantonly asleep for years. We have been ignoring the God of the Nations in our pursuit of the lesser gods—the gods of money, of pleasure, our pursuit of world and self. The God of the Nations will not be ignored. Do we not recognize Him voluntarily, then shall our recognition be forced.

The God of the Nations is a God of Justice. We have erred, we have strayed. We are being punished. The devil in the guise of our enemies has amassed a power, lent him for the purpose, and we are again in the balance.

How strong is our faith?

"Send down thunder, lightning——" At the battle of the Somme advance after advance was made, and advance after advance was checked. Not checked by force of German artillery, nor by numbers of German soldiers—checked by nature—checked by the warring elements—by "thunder, lightning, hail and tempest."

At the battle of Arras, there was hope of driving the enemy far. A storm broke, as it did

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during the actions of the Champagne district. At the battle of Flanders the Allied troops pushed forward as never before. Everything seemed favorable. A flood arose, trenches were swept before its strength, defences floated in mud and water like waste paper before wind; the landscape was wiped out by sweeping deluges of rain. Guns sank deep in mudholes, men drowned as they fell wounded in shell holes deep with water and blood.

The battle of Flanders was a great Allied success, but it was not finished. The success was not clinched. The weather—"thunder, lightning, tempest——"

God—how long?

Shall our faith totter? Shall our infinite belief in love, in right, in liberty, remain steadfast?

Gas. Yes; when the enemy untapped cylinders of death for the Allies, the wind was blowing in the direction he desired. The fumes of gas rolled on, over and over, they hugged the crevasses, they penetrated the dips and traveled higher on the rises of the land. Swifter and more swiftly still the wind blew and the gas rolled before it.

Our men choked, gasped, blackened, died—and the wind did not change, nor slacken, nor alter its course, and the enemy poured from tubes fumes of deadly poison.

Oh, Lord—how long?

"One thing, I think, is clear," says Pastor H. Francke in a war sermon, "God must stand on our side. We fight for right and truth, for Kultur and civilization and human progress and true Christianity, against untruthfulness and hypocrisy and falseness and un-Kultur and barbarism and brutality. All human blessings, aye and humanity itself, stand under the protection of our bright weapons."

"All human blessings——" This year the central states of Germany have had a vast and profitable harvest. In some of the Allied countries the harvest was not so good as in other years, or in pre-war days. Food—"an army moves on its stomach," said Napoleon, years ago. Food—the essential of the Allies, more than ever essential since the Russian debacle. England, an island less in extent than most of the States; France, largely dependent on Britain. In England, the refugees of Belgium, of France, of Poland, of Roumania, of Serbia. In England, troops from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, West Indies and a half dozen dependencies. England, where millions of women are doing unaccustomed, strenuous work and need an extra nourishment. Food—a human blessing, a necessity. Is it under the protection of "our bright weapons?"

Submarines which prowl the deep and scatter suffering, death, and destruction on the face of the broad waters.

"The protection of our bright weapons——" I seem to see again the long straight road leading back to Ypres. An April morning, just as dawn breaks, and the sun glints red through a mist of cloud I seem to feel myself moving rhythmically, keeping step foot to foot and shoulder to shoulder with a thousand other men. A long khaki stream of humanity. I hear no wonted singing, no cheery whistle, no tune on mouth organ, no joke, no laughing quip. This is different. There is a smothered sob to the right of me; to a left a man catches his breath on a purple oath. I shift my rifle and openly wipe tears from my eyes as many another man does too.

On and on we march; and on and on there comes toward us on the other side of the road, the population evacuating the city. Old men, bent and worn; old women, gnarled and shriveled; young women clutching meagre infants to convulsive breasts. Girls—children. God—is this a test of faith? Shall our belief stand true? Girls of tender years, still in their early teens, outraged, mutilated, ruined—facing maternity. "The protection——"

"Suffer the little children to come unto me," said the Son of God. What is our faith?

"We are beginning," said the German Pastor W. Lehmann, "slowly, humbly and yet with a deep gladness, to divine God's intentions. It may sound proud, my friends, but we are conscious that it is also in all humbleness that we say it: THE GERMAN SOUL IS GOD'S SOUL: It shall and will rule over mankind."

Is our faith in the God of Love and Right as strong and deep as is the faith of these people in the naturalized god of their contorted minds?

Remember all of our doings are known in Germany. Efficient as are our secret services, many things leak across. Items of news which are common knowledge here are particular knowledge in Germany.

Do you think the question of the coal shortage in the States is not a congratulatory sub-

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ject in Germany? Shutting down factories, shutting down munitions, cutting off wages—prices high, lack of foresight, un-preparation—foolish virgins. "God's soul is a German soul." How they whisper the news, chuckle over it, shout it from the housetops. How the travailing populace eagerly grasp these crumbs of comfort and strengthen faltering faith in Kultur.

And the supreme test has yet to come. Are we strong enough? Some of us have shivered at sight of our country's casualty lists. Some of us are crippled, blind, insane. Women and children lie murdered from the air. Shall we be downhearted; shall we faint and fall weary by the wayside?

At the battle of the Marne, in the hard days of 1914, the French forces were beaten back by weight of cannon and men. The British troops were forced to fight a retreating, rear-guard action.

Ever and on massed hordes of the enemy pressed. It seemed that nothing could stem the tide. Men, half equipped, retreated, rallied, fought, retreated. Paris, Calais, London—the world hung ripe to drop into the grasping claws of the lord of blood-lust.

And then the advance ceased. The enemy entrenched. We were saved. Folks, remember we alone are not fighting this war. Remember and pray—pray without ceasing.

How could a thin, single line of ragged, half fed, battle-worn men—heroes though they were—have curbed the onrushing fury of hordes, backed by tons of cannon and train loads of supplies?

They did not do it—alone.

No, hard though the tests be; nerve-racking, faith-straining as are the trials, my faith in a just Almighty is great.

We have done wrong. We must by faith work out our own salvation.

It is hard. Who can measure the terror of the supreme test? The Belgian devastation? Ask the Belgian refugees why they will not leave England, why they will not cross the Atlantic to a larger country and a world of new opportunity. Why? "Because we are going home, when victory is ours—when the enemy is driven over the border, when shells are stilled and dead men's bones may rest in quietness."

Faith—have we such superb faith? If you doubt your power of faith, make ready now. Each test held on squared shoulders is a victory toward the victory which is final.

We must win. Every word whispered of Peace, before Peace is ours, before right of earning, is a whisper to aid the enemy. Every word whispered of Peace, before Peace for all time is gained, is a shirking of the tests and trials of a faith which must prove worthy of Victory.

Is our belief in the Cause of our Right as strong as the belief of the Hun in his?

"We have fought on the square," said a German captain to me, whom we had captured. A fine built man and belonging to the same religious fraternal body as myself. "We have Right on our side. Might is right. If we invade an enemy country—a foreign country, it is right to devastate, ruin, rape, outrage, mutilate and destroy. If there comes in the path of the army a donkey, a baby, an apple tree—such must be removed. The instrument of Kultur can not deviate. The donkey—we can use that. The baby—what of it? It should not be there; we throw it out of the way. If it is thrown at the bayonet point, if it has an arm taken off, a leg, or an eye—why, that is still right. Such will terrify the enemy, destroy his morale, make our victory easier. The apple tree—ah, yes, should we have to retire, the tree must be cut down, destroyed utterly. It might bear fruit. That would aid the enemy. Give him food. Be profitable in that he could pay off his indemnity the sooner, and by so doing Kultur and Germanization would not be completed. That is square fighting—that is right."

"*Deutschland uber alles*," they cry. The protection of the bright weapons, a German God with a German soul, thunder, lightning, tempest—rather than such shall predominate shall we die to a man. Die with faith steadfast and true.

Only by faith can we live. The soldiers in France have faith, the sailors, the men who carry war on in the air. Shall the faith of the folks at home be less?

The action lies with the fighting man, but the spirit of victory lies in all—the man, the woman and the child at home. "I am not the least afraid," says the German child, "for God is a German."

Teach the children, and learn for yourselves. "I am not in the least afraid, for God is the God of Right, of Love, of Justice to all Mankind."

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"One More Cup, Please!"

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TO MAKE A SOLDIER SMILE

Feed him and give him plenty of coffee to drink. The women of the canteen follow out this policy

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A GROUP OF NEW YORK CANTEEN WORKERS

They were ready to serve, at a few hours' notice, a troop train which passed through the city

© Paul Thompson

A BUFFET LUNCH SERVED WHILE YOU WAIT

If you'd had a long, hot, dusty ride in a crowded train, wouldn't you like to be here?

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Photograph by Western Newspaper Union

AN OPEN-AIR CANTEEN

An army ration—and in this case a little extra from the canteen workers

Photograph by Western Newspaper Union

AN AFTERNOON OFF FROM CAMP

Mr Sammie Soldier Boy, you are invited to take lunch at the Red Cross House at Hempstead, L. I

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From an Ambulance Driver's Diary

Impressions and incidents out of six months' experience on the active fronts

THE writer of this article was a junior at an American college when he went to France in February, 1917. On Washington's Birthday he joined the American Red Cross Field Ambulance service, and immediately began active duty with one of the Harjes sections. He was at first on the front just east of Verdun; afterward, for some months, in the sector known as the *Chemin des Dames*—the French salient at the point where the lines were nearest to Paris. When his six months' service was up he returned to America, passed the aviation examinations and enlisted as balloon pilot. *This short article is a condensed record of some things seen and experienced.*

I'VE helped men with broken arms and broken legs into my ambulance; I've carried men with ghastly body wounds to the car; I've helped hold a wild and shrieking Frenchman, in a paroxysm of pain, until the opiate came. And I'm willing to confess it takes nerve of more than one variety to handle unconscious boys and legless men all day long.

But it was worth the day's work to hear a legless man whisper, "Ah, the Red Cross! *Vive les Americains!*"

Five miles more of this cross-country driving, with a chorus of shrieks at every bump, before I reach the hospital. Somebody has to take these poor boys back, though, and I am proud to be even an humble chauffeur in the service.

I'm back at the hospital, but I'm no longer tired. I've acquired a bit of concentrated hate toward the Hun in the last five minutes, since those five devilish airplanes sailed over and murdered my legless man—my Pierre—with their baby-killing bombs. If I could only lay my hands on some kind of a Boche!

Just in that hour's run here, poor old Pierre grew very near to me, from his sheer bravery. His jokes were poor, but it was his game attempt that counted.

I'd just unloaded him on to a cot in the surgical tent when a great shriek and crash blotted out tent, light, and all. When I recovered enough to cough out the smoke and dirt from my mouth, I turned to help Pierre. He was gone—blown to atoms.

To my mind the degree of a nation's civilization is gauged by its respect for the Red Cross. God, you only can judge if the Germans did not trample your banner in the dust when they bombed that hospital and killed Pierre Laflamme!

On the arched roof of white gleams the torn crimson cross—and above it sails the sinister black cross on the German planes.

One is the symbol of the God of Mercy; the other, of the devil and his gang of murderers.

We're up in the third lines. I don't blame the stretcher-bearers for taking off their shirts—their shoulders are a mass of blisters where their heavy burdens have chafed all day and all night. The corporal's face is no longer white; it is a brilliant crimson from the blood that drips from the gash in his forehead.

"It's nothing at all!" he growls bravely, and brushes off the crimson drops on his forehead with a careless flip of his hand.

"The stretcher-bearers have the worst job in the army," says an army slogan, but the men walk steadfastly through the terrific fire on the roads. For they bear a human cross on their shoulders and a blood red symbol of mercy pinned to their arms. "We build, not destroy," is their motto.

While we Americans are expending billions for the necessary destruction of reptiles, I hope we will not forget to give our millions for the rebuilding of those we love best.

Here at the rear hospital the German air-

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planes have just been over and bombed us twice more—three times in one day.

First they cut off a leg of an old farmer who was raking in the fields. I will never forget the look on his old wife's face as she stood in the doorway of the tent watching the surgeons.

In her hands was her husband's straw hat, with three great gashes where fragments of the bombs had rent the brim. She twisted the hat nervously. Her face showed she was momentarily expecting another bomb to wipe out her existence. I think she was rather hoping for death at that moment.

I'll carry away a little scar of honor from this last air raid. While I was carrying out a *blessé* from the hospital, a bit of the bomb grazed my cheek just below my right eye. It's a pretty little crow's foot scratch. It doesn't even bleed. The white-hot steel seared the flesh.

To-day has been a comparatively uneventful one for me. I drove twenty miles across country without hearing or seeing any signs of the Germans. There were no shells exploded near me—no planes within five miles. My greatest danger was the road itself.

It was a day of pelting rain. It's amazing how quickly the road softens. Mud—now and then a morass; broken cars in the roadway—ditched camions, broken-backed lorries blocking one's path. About four o'clock in the afternoon, when I was returning with a full ambulance, I ran into a shell hole where the whole road had been blown away. For a space of thirty feet there was no slightest trace of a roadway. And mud in masses on both sides. I had a bad half hour, I tell you. Once I thought I never would get out.

I reached home worn and exhausted and my hands atremble with the strain of it.

I had a narrow escape to-day. By all rights I should be peacefully sleeping under the sod with my duty done, but the other fellow got hit instead of me. Poor chap!

He was a French ambulance driver coming up the road only a hundred feet behind me. Both of us were about 800 yards from the front lines. We were nosing our way into a black shell smoke. A horrible shriek overhead made me collapse, limp as a rag, over the steering wheel, but the shell passed forty feet overhead and exploded in back of me. It hit on the front seat of the car behind—and when the biting smoke cleared the ambulance was cut in two—and the driver was mutilated beyond recognition.

I have just finished the hardest trip I ever made; but I drove my load of wounded through the curtain fire safely, and I'm proud as a hatter as a result. There's a new shell hole through the rear door, and a second, curiously enough, directly through the Red Cross on the side of the body. But if old Fritzy thinks he is going to stop the stream of ambulances by killing the drivers and mutilating the Cross, he's mightily mistaken! All of our boys fought for the chance to go up that road when they saw my "punctured" car. I thought there would be a free-for-all fight for the honor!

The trip to-day was a most extraordinary one. One of the wounded soldiers in the car was moaning like a lost soul. I suddenly ran into a black mass in the road and stalled the car. The shells were shrieking overhead.

"What's the matter?" a worried voice called from inside the car.

"Run over an artillery wheel, and can't pull it out!" I yelled above the din.

Bang! The rear doors crashed open, and my mortally wounded man, suddenly resurrected, jumped out of the car and pulled out the heavy wheel, unassisted!

Half way back to the field hospital I stopped

The Stretcher-Bearer

By Eliot Kays Stone

I SEE him yet, plodding the Flanders mud—
A field of carnage, a field of blood—
Where the Maxims whine and the Big Guns roar
In man's modern improvement on hell called war.

Not much of a hero to look at, I guess,
Muddy and bloody and weaponless,
But where shots fly thickest he doggedly goes
Exposed to the fire of both friends and foes;

For he gleans the fields where the windrows lie
By Death, the Reaper, piled high, piled high,
And he plucks from the outstretched hand of Death
Some stricken mortal who still holds breath.

Sing ye of heroes whose brave deeds shine
On many a crimson battle line,
But for me the bearer of stretcher cot,
Who is daily a hero and knows it not.

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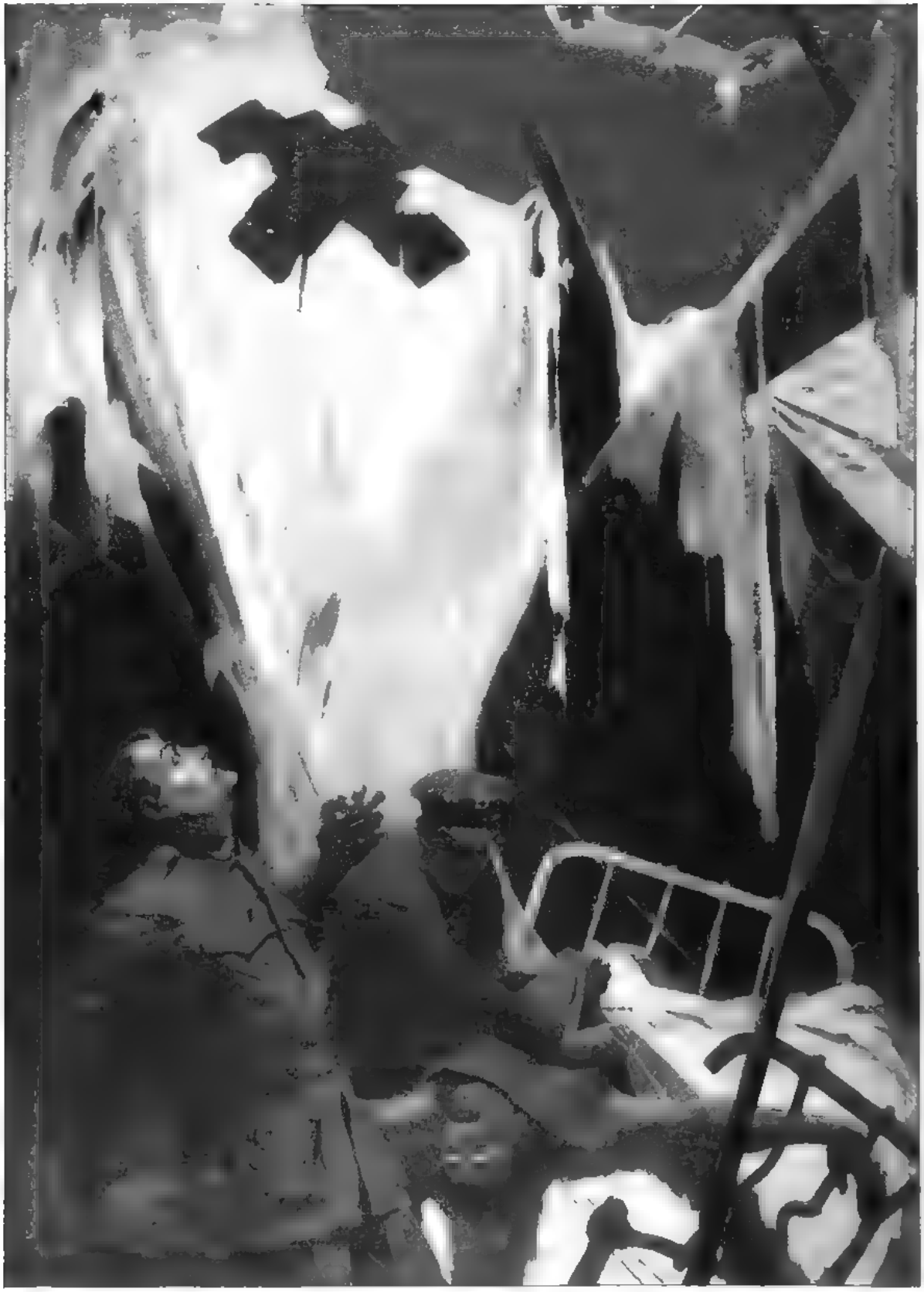

"God, you only can judge if the Germans did not trample your banner in the dust when they bombed that hospital and killed Pierre Laflamme"

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for a moment to oil my engine. After a delay of five minutes, I started to crank up, but noticed both rear doors were open.

I glanced into the ambulance. Two of my wounded had vanished!

I walked to the doorway of the nearest house to investigate. The two *blessés* were drinking each other's health with sour wine!

But all the pleasure of that trip was destroyed by the end. At the rear hospital I was opening the windows at the side of the car when a step made me turn.

A soldier brushed by me and climbed hastily up outside the car, and kissed the white face of the man on the top stretcher. The men were brothers.

As I drove away I looked back and saw the young lad standing in the middle of the road with a look of intense suffering on his face. His brother was riding down in the ambulance to-day—and he might join his wounded kin to-morrow. Yet his whole attitude reflected the spirit of all France; the utmost personal sacrifice, but with the firm determination to fight the battle till won. He shouldered his pack and marched off resolutely to the trenches.

I was born under a lucky star. Otherwise why didn't that airplane bomb hit me this morning?

I was driving over a hilltop overlooking the trenches. A whirr above my head made me glance up—even at the risk of ditching the car in the network of shell holes. A white-bellied German plane was swooping down directly atop of me. The rat-tat-tat of his machine gun outlined itself sharply against the dull roar of the artillery. Overhead the cotton-white puffs of French shrapnel were bursting in vain pursuit of the Boche, and I heard a sharp click as one of the steel bullets shot through the roof of my car.

C-c-crumph! An explosion crashed beside the road, and the ambulance lurched drunkenly. But the motor still ran, and I could still see the German swooping overhead to bomb me!

Another high pitched hum buzzed overhead. Fritz turned tail and fled but he was too late. A speedy little French plane hurtled out of the heavens like a bullet. I saw not one minute later the aluminum wings of the German Fokker smash to earth not 300 yards away.

The spring drive of 1917 started north of Saint Gilles, and

Some said it was the thunder
Of the cannons' grumbling peak,
That made the clouds hang low all day
And drove the thoughts of peace away
On the hill above Saint Gilles.

Toward night the rain ceased falling
As we left our cars to heel
And staggered up the muddy road
Past shapeless masses of horses cold
On that height above Saint Gilles.

The sky was bright with flashes—
Sheets of heat lightning unreal
And the light of many a good man's life
Went out with each flash of that awful strife,
As we watched the Heavens reel.

We watched the brilliant star shells
In their slow parabola steal
To call for aid from the 75's
To light the way for the desperate drives.
On that bluff above Saint Gilles.

One white light hovered lower
Till we saw a flash reveal
A car of the Red Cross breasting the flood
With its silent toll of flesh and blood
From the hill above Saint Gilles.

I had carried Frenchmen by hundreds, and thought I had felt the utmost sympathy for mutilated men—but I was mistaken. It was only when I heard the moans of one of my kin that I blessed the Red Cross for the bandages that relieved my brother's pain, for the aluminum splints that bound his leg, for the swift ambulance I drove, and the soft mattresses in the hospital I was nearing.

If it were not for the Red Cross, Jim would still be lying, poorly bandaged, in a damp dug-out in the trenches. I doubt if he would survive at all if the equipment, service and transportation were not of the best. Thank God there is a medium like the Red Cross for converting inanimate dollars into living, breathing service.

My feeling is that of millions of soldiers at the front to-day. It is this: the Red Cross is all that makes a man keep faith in humanity. It is the soldier's solace, his friend, and his religion

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A Fantasy for Children

By Stark Young

Illustrated by J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

IN THE January issue we printed a short play for children by Professor Young, entitled "The Red Cross Policeman." We have received so many favorable comments upon it and so many reports of successful productions by school children that it affords us much pleasure in producing, herewith, another playlet for children by the same author.—THE EDITORS.

(*Notes for Production. The hill may be only a dark outline against the sky, behind it a place where the apple, rose, monkey and star characters can stand as they appear above the hill. Andrew, the Little Sister, the Nurse, the Little Blind Boy, the Boy with the Smile, may all stand at the bottom of this hill and look and point upward as they move toward it from nearer the front of the stage. Or there may be a slanting arrangement of boards behind the hill on which all may ascend.*)

CHARACTERS

NURSE — LITTLE SISTER
ANDREW — THE BOY WITH THE SMILE
THE LITTLE BLIND BOY

A Golden Apple — *A Monkey*
A Rose — *The Star*

(*The slope of a long hill. The sky is almost dark.*)

NURSE
What are we doing, children dear,
Out on a hill this time o' night?
You're sillies, every one, I fear.

ANDREW
No, Nurse, I'm sure we saw a light.

NURSE
What light? Where is it gone then, pray?

LITTLE SISTER (Lisps)
O deareth Nurth, how can we thay?

NURSE
Well then we'd best turn back again,
For I'll not go another jot.

THE BOY WITH THE SMILE
I'm sure we're looking might and main.

NURSE
For what, dear me! Looking for what?

ANDREW
We know there's something to be found.

NURSE
Where?

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THE LITTLE BLIND BOY
In the sky or on the ground?
ALL
What can it be?
(*A Golden Apple appears. It seems to rise above the hill like a moon.*)
ANDREW
A golden apple. See!
THE BOY WITH THE SMILE
Not I.
NURSE
Nobody sees anything, foolish boy.
ANDREW
I say apple.
NURSE
That's because your name begins with A, Andrew!
ANDREW
A golden apple, look!
(*The Golden Apple disappears.*)
Oh, now it's gone.
THE LITTLE BLIND BOY
Gone, oh, dear!
THE BOY WITH THE SMILE
(*A funny little Monkey appears above the hill.*)
Now I see it, see! see! It's no apple at all, it's a monkey I see.
ANDREW
A monkey? Where?
THE BOY WITH THE SMILE
Don't you see it—there? He's laughing. Don't you see it, Little Sister?
NURSE
Of course there's no monkey, you silly children. Come with me.

THE BOY WITH THE SMILE
Look, look on the top of the hill
You can see him if you will.
THE LITTLE BLIND BOY
Can you hear him laugh?
NURSE
I'd like to crack him with my staff.
ANDREW
But I don't see any monkey to crack.
NURSE
Of course not. Come, then, let's go back.
THE BOY WITH THE SMILE
Where is he?
(*The Monkey disappears.*)
Why, he's gone!
THE LITTLE BLIND BOY
Gone! Oh Little Sister, what shall we do?
THE LITTLE SISTER
I didn't thee any apple and I didn't thee any monkey.
THE LITTLE BLIND BOY
Listen, listen, do you hear it?
NURSE
Come, this is too much. I shan't bear it.
ANDREW
Oh, Little Blind Boy, what do you hear?
(*A lovely bird sings somewhere.*)
THE LITTLE BLIND BOY
I hear a bird sing sweet and clear.
THE LITTLE SISTER
Oh, where—a bird!
THE BOY WITH THE SMILE
No sound I heard.
THE LITTLE BLIND BOY
Oh, what lovely singing!

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(*The bird sings, then stops.*)
But now he's gone.

ANDREW
I didn't hear any singing.

NURSE
There couldn't have been any bird if nobody heard him.

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY
I heard a bird singing, but he is gone. Do you hear nothing or see nothing, Little Sister?

THE LITTLE SISTER
(*A Rose appears above the hillside.*)
Look, oh, look—I thee thomething. Thee, it's a red flower, a rothe—oh, how pretty.

ANDREW
Where?

THE LITTLE SISTER
There.

ANDREW
Where the apple was?

THE BOY WITH THE SMILE
I don't see any rose at all.

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY
Oh, dear!

NURSE
Come, where's the rose you see?

THE LITTLE SISTER
There on the hill.

NURSE
Well, I see nothing; to show you there's none,
I'll go to the spot with you, every one.

THE LITTLE SISTER
Oh, where ith it?
(*The Rose disappears.*)
Oh, oh, oh ith's gone.

NURSE
Well don't cry, they all go by.
Now come, I'm not lazy
We'll go on to the top!
I'm sure you're all crazy,
So hippity hop!

ANDREW
You don't believe us, Nurse?

NURSE
No, Andrew, no, it's all eyes, all eyes and ears, that are fooling you. Come along.
(*They move to the top.*)

ANDREW
Well, here we are.

THE LITTLE SISTER
Do you thee my red rothe?

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY
Can we hear my bird again?

THE BOY WITH THE SMILE
I wonder where the monkey goes!

ANDREW
It's dark. You can see nothing plain.

NURSE
Oh, look, look, here it is, what you saw, look.

ANDREW
Where, what is it?

THE LITTLE SISTER
Ith it the red rothe?
(*The Star shines out. It seems to shine from the breast of a lovely child, who stands above the hillside like an angel dressed in a flame-red robe and risen out of the twilight beyond the hills.*)

NURSE
A little golden star that rests here on the hill.

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY
A star!

NURSE
Something, something called you. And Andrew thought it was a golden apple, and the Boy With the Smile thought it was a monkey, and Little Sister thought it was a red, red rose and the Blind Boy heard a bird singing—when all the while it was a star here on the hilltop. What an old silly was I. Nothing called to me.

ANDREW
Oh, Nursie dear. Why never mind!

NURSE
I greatly fear
I'll go and find
I'm deaf and blind.

THE LITTLE SISTER
It lookth like a red rothe after all.

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY
Hush—shh! the star is going to speak.

NURSE
Listen, children.

THE STAR
I am a golden star that's come
To dream upon the hill
And I am what you will,
A fruit, a flower, or laughter bright
Or a sweet bird singing all the night.
(*The Apple, the Rose and the Monkey appear above the hill and disappear as she mentions them, and the bird begins to sing. The Star is left alone again.*)
Happy with all that happy be
If they will follow me.
(*The Star Angel lifts her arms and takes the form of a cross.*)
But you do not love me, children dear
If that is all you see.
The work of your little hearts and hands
You must bring to me
If you would keep me always near
And see my angel clear.
For when there's sorrow in the world
And pain and death and children's cries
I am a cross that shines afar,
Red as heart's blood, by night and day
Calling to you.
And all that suffers shall lift their eyes
To me and say
Behold the star.

CURTAIN

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Right at the Front

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AN ACTUAL VIEW OF A BATTLE FROM AN AIRPLANE

In the foreground French soldiers are advancing, using shell holes as protection against the fire of Germans, who can be seen in the background

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BARBED-WIRE GATE IN TRENCHES

Speed is an essential of raids. Without it failure comes. The barbed-wire gate is an effective slower-up to the enemy as he comes rushing down the trench

© International Film Service

THE CAPTURE OE A GERMAN SNIPER

Three French poilus have run down a German sniper in a shell hole. The Frenchman on the right has crept up behind the German, keeping him covered all the time

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THE REAL THING IN CAMOUFLAGE

Somewhere inside this knoll in Lorraine is hidden a French 85. The covering looks solid. It is no more so than is the screen below

© International Film Service

THE SCREEN FOR THE ROAD

The camouflage in both this picture and the one above is a transparent gauzy veil of brush and grass through which the French can easily see

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GETTING THE WAR PICTURES FOR YOU

The French official war photographers are as daring as the soldiers. Here they are at the front line trenches within actual range of the enemy's guns

© Kadel & Herbert

A FRENCH LIQUID FIRE ATTACK

The Germans were the first to use this ghastly weapon. This photograph shows that the French were quick to utilize it

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FRENCH SENTINELS OF THE SKY

These are French airplanes keeping watch and ward above the sector taken over by the American troops

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In the Mist

By Boyd Cable

Author of "Action Front," "Between the Lines," etc.

Illustrated by J. PAUL VERREES

BOYD CABLE hasn't always been a writer. He spent most of his younger life preparing to be a writer—living, seeing, feeling, discovering, and loving life. He has gone in and taken part. He knows the life of a seaman, a steam fireman, an engine driver, a bobo, an office manager, and farm hand, because he has lived them all from the inside. This is also true of his soldiery. He knows the life of a soldier, because he has been one.

At the mention of the name Boyd Cable there instantly flashes before our minds a picture of battle fields. We hear the guns, we see the faces of men drawn and worn by much suffering, physical and spiritual, and we sense a big human understanding and love between these soldier men. He has a wonderful creative mind—pouring out details of the soldier's life in manifold profusion. His technical knowledge and his overflowing wealth of material give amazing vividness and authority to his story.—THE EDITORS.

WHEN the Lieutenant turned out of his dugout in the very small hours, he found with satisfaction that a thin mist was hanging over the ground.

"Can't see much," he said half an hour later, peering out from the front trench. "But so much the better. Means they won't be so likely to see us. So long, old man. Come along, Studd."

The other officer watched the two crawl out and vanish into the misty darkness. At intervals a flare light leaped upward from one side or the other, but it revealed nothing of the ground, showed only a dim radiance in the mist and vanished. Rifles crackled spasmodically up and down the unseen line, and only occasionally a gun boomed a smothered report and a shell *swoosbed* over. But, on the whole, the night was quiet, or might be called so by comparison with other nights, and the quietness lent color to the belief that the Hun was quietly evacuating his badly battered front line. It was to discover what truth was in the report that the Lieutenant had crawled out with one man to get as near as possible to the enemy trench—or, still better, into or over it.

Fifty yards out the two ran into one of their own listening posts, and the Lieutenant halted a moment and held a whispered talk with the N.C.O. there. It was all quiet in front, he was told, no sound of movement and only a rifle shot or a light thrown at long intervals.

"Might mean anything, or nothing," thought the Lieutenant. "Either a trench full of Boches taking a chance to sleep, or a trench empty except for a 'caretaker' to shoot or chuck up an odd light."

He whispered as much to his companion and both moved carefully on. The ground was riddled with shell-holes and was soaking wet, and very soon the two were saturated and caked with sticky mud. Skirting the holes and twisting about between them was confusing to any sense of direction, but the two had been well picked for this special work and held fairly straight on their way. No light had shown for a good many minutes, and the Lieutenant fancied that the mist was thickening. He halted and waited a minute, straining his eyes into the mist and his ears to catch any sound.

There was nothing apparently to see or hear, and he rose to his knees and moved

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carefully forward again. As he did so a flare leaped upward with a long hiss and a burst of light glowed out. It faintly illumined the ground and the black shadows of shell-holes about them, and—the Lieutenant with a jump at his heart stilled and stiffened—not six feet away and straight in front, the figure of a man in a long gray coat, his head craned forward and resting on his arms crossed in front of him and twisted in an attitude of listening. Studd, crawling at the Lieutenant's heels, saw at the same moment, as was told by his hand gripped and pressing a warning on the Lieutenant's leg. The light died out, and with infinite caution the Lieutenant slid back level with Studd and, motioning him to follow, lay flat and hitched himself a foot at a time toward the right to circle round the recumbent German. The man had not been facing full on to them, but lay stretched and looking toward their left, and by a careful circling right the Lieutenant calculated he would clear and creep behind him. A big shell-crater lay in their path, and after a moment's hesitation the Lieutenant slid very quietly down into it. Some morsels of loose earth crumbled under him, rolled down and fell with tiny splashings into the pool at the bottom. To the Lieutenant the noise was most disconcertingly loud and alarming, and cursing himself for a fool not to have thought of the water and the certainty of his loosening earth to fall into it, he crouched motionless, listening for any sound.

Another light rose, filling the mist with soft white radiance and outlining the edge of the crater above him. It outlined also the dark shape of a figure halted apparently in the very act of crawling down into the crater from the opposite side. The Lieutenant's first flashing thought was that the German watcher had heard him and was moving to investigate, his second and quick-following was of another German holding still until the light fell. But a third idea came so instantly on the other two that, before the soaring flare dropped, he had time to move sharply, bringing the man's outline more clearly against the light. That look and the shape, beside but clear of the body, of a bent leg, crooked knee upward, confirmed his last suspicion. Studd slid over soundless as a diving otter and down beside him, and the Lieutenant whispered, "See those two on the edge?"

"Both dead, sir," said Studd, and the Lieutenant nodded and heaved a sigh of relief. "And I think that first was a dead 'un too."

"Yes," whispered the Lieutenant. "Looked natural and listening hard. Remember now, though, he was bareheaded. Dead all right. Come on."

They crept out past the two dead men, and, abating no fraction of their caution, moved noiselessly forward again. They passed many more dead in the next score of yards, dead twisted and contorted to every possible and impossible attitude of unmistakable death and uncannily life-like postures, and came at last to scattered fragments and loose hanging strands of barbed-wire entanglements. Here, according to previous arrangements, Studd—ex-poacher of civilian days and expert scout of the battalion—moved ahead and led the way. Broken strands of wire he lifted with gingerly delicate touch and laid aside. Fixed ones he raised, rolled silently under and held up for the Lieutenant to pass. Taut ones he grasped in one hand, slid the jaws of his wire-nippers over and cut silently between his left-hand fingers, so that the fingers still gripped the severed ends, released them carefully, one hand to each, and squirmed through the gap.

There was very little uncut wire, but the stealthy movements took time, and half an hour had passed from first wire to last and to the moment when the Lieutenant, in imitation of the figure before him, flattened his body close to the muddy ground and lay still and listening. For five long minutes they lay, and then Studd twisted his head and shoulders back. "Nobody," he whispered. "Just wait here a minute, sir." He slipped back past the Lieutenant and almost immediately returned to his side. "I've cut the loose wires away," he said. "Mark this spot and try'n hit it if we have to bolt quick. See—look for this," and he lifted a bayoneted rifle lying beside them, and stabbed the bayonet down into the ground with the rifle butt standing up above the edge of the broken parapet.

"Cross the trench," whispered the Lieutenant, "and along behind it. Safer there. Any sentry looking out forward?"

Studd vanished over the parapet and the Lieutenant squirmed after him. The trench was wide and broken-walled back and front, and both clambered up the other side and began to move along the far edge. In some places the trench narrowed and deepened, in others it widened and shallowed in tumbled shell-

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"See those two on the edge?" the Lieutenant—

craters, in others again was almost obliterated in heaped and broken earth. The mist had closed down and thickened to a white-gray blanket, and the two moved more freely, standing on their feet and walking stooped and ready to drop at a sound. They went for a considerable distance without seeing a German.

Studd halted on the edge of a trench which ran into the one they were following.

"Communication trench," said the Lieutenant softly. "Doesn't seem to be a soul in their front line."

"No, sir," said Studd, but there was a puzzled note in his voice.

"Is this their front line we've been moving along?" said the Lieutenant with sudden suspicion. "Those lights look farther off than they ought."

The dim lights certainly seemed to be far out on their left and a little behind them. A couple of rifles cracked faintly, and they heard a bullet sigh and whimper overhead. Closer and with sharper reports half a dozen rifles *rap-rapped* in answer—but the reports were still well out to their left and behind them.

"Those are German rifles behind us. We've left the front line," said the Lieutenant with sudden conviction. "Struck slanting back. Been following a communication trench. *Damn!*"

Studd without answering dropped suddenly to earth and without hesitation the Lieutenant

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—whispered. "Both dead, sir," said Studd

dropped beside him and flattened down. A long silence, and the question trembling on his lips was broken by a hasty movement from Studd. "Quick, sir—back," he said, and hurriedly wriggled back and into a shallow hole, the Lieutenant close after him.

Plainly both could hear the squelch of feet, the rustle of clothes, the squeak and click of leather and equipment. Slowly, one by one, a line of men filed past their hiding-place, looming gray and shadowy through the mist, stumbling and slipping so close by that to the Lieutenant it seemed that only one downward glance from one passing figure was needed to discover them. Tumultuous thoughts raced. What should he do if they were discovered? Pass one quick word to Studd to lie still, and jump and run, trusting to draw pursuit after himself and give Studd a chance to escape and report? Or call Studd to run with him, and both chance a bolt back the way they came?

The thick mist might help them, but the alarm would spread quickly to the front trench. Or should he snatch his revolver—he wished he hadn't put it back in his holster—blaze off all his rounds, yell and make a row, rousing the German trench to fire and disclose the strength holding it? Could he risk movement enough to get his revolver clear? And all the time he was counting the figures that stumbled past—five, six, seven, eight. Thirty-four he counted and then, just as he was going to move, an-

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other lagging two. After that and a long pause he held hurried consultation with Studd.

"They're moving up the way we came down," he said. "We're right off the front line. Must get back. Daren't keep too close to this trench though. D'you think we can strike across and find the front line about where we crossed?"

"Think so, sir," answered Studd. "Must work a bit left-handed."

"Come on then. Keep close together," and they moved off.

In three minutes the Lieutenant stopped with a smothered curse at the jar of wire caught against his shins. "'Ware wire," he said, and both stopped and felt at it. "Nippers," he said. "We must cut through." He pulled his own nippers out and they started to cut a path. "*Tang*," his nippers swinging free of a cut wire struck against another, and on the sound came a sharp word out of the mist ahead of them and apparently at their very feet a guttural question in unmistakable German. Horrified, the Lieutenant stood stiff frozen for a moment, turned sharp and fumbled a way back, his heart thumping and his nerves tingling in anticipation of another challenge or a sudden shot. But there was no further sound, and presently he and Studd were clear of the wire and hurrying as silently as they could away from the danger.

They stopped presently, and the Lieutenant crouched and peered about him. "Now where are we?" he said, and then, as he caught the sound of suppressed chuckling from Studd crouched beside him, "What's the joke? I don't see anything specially funny about this."

"I was thinkin' of that Germ back there, sir," said Studd, and giggled again. "About another two steps an' we'd have fell fair on top of 'im. Bit of a surprise like for 'im, sir."

The Lieutenant grinned a little himself. "Yes," he said, "but no more surprise than I got when he sang out. Now what d'you think is our direction?"

Studd looked round him, and pointed promptly. The Lieutenant disagreed and thought the course lay nearly at right angles to Studd's selection. He had his compass with him and examined it carefully. "This bit of their front line ran roughly north and south," he said. "If we move west it must fetch us back on it. We must have twisted a bit coming out of that wire—but there's west," and he pointed again.

"I can't figure it by compass, sir," said Studd, "but here's the way I reckon we came." He scratched lines on the ground between them with the point of his wire nippers. "Here's our line, and theirs—running this way."

"Yes, north," said the Lieutenant.

"But then it bends in toward ours—like this—an' ours bends back."

"Jove, so it does," admitted the Lieutenant, thinking back to the trench map he had studied so carefully before leaving. "And we moved north behind their trench, so might be round the corner; and a line west would just carry us along behind their front line."

"I figure we got to go that way, then," said Studd, pointing again.

"That's about it," agreed the Lieutenant. "But as that's toward the wire and our friend who sang out, we'll hold left a bit."

There was a distinct whiteness now about the mist, and a faint glow in the whiteness that told of daylight coming, and the Lieutenant moved hurriedly. "If it comes day and the mist lifts we're done in," he said, and moved in the chosen direction.

Within a dozen yards both stopped abruptly and again sank to the ground, the Lieutenant cursing angrily under his breath. Both had caught the sound of voices, and from their lower position could see against the light a line of standing men, apparently right across their path. A spatter of rifle fire sounded from somewhere out in the mist, and a few bullets whispered high overhead. Then came the distant *thud, thud, thud* of half a dozen guns firing. One shell wailed distantly over, another passed closer with a savage rush, a third burst twenty yards away with a glaring flash that penetrated even the thick fog. The two had a quick glimpse of a line of Germans in long coats ducking their "coal-scuttle" helmets and throwing themselves to ground. They were not more than thirty feet away, and there were at least a score of them. When their eyes recovered from the flash of the shell, the two could see not more than half a dozen figures standing, could hear talking and laughing remarks, and presently heard scuffling sounds and saw figure after figure emerge from the ground.

"Trench there," whispered Studd, into the Lieutenant's ear. "They jumped down."

"Yes," breathed the Lieutenant. He was fingering cautiously at the wire beside him. It was staked out, and as far as he could discover there was something like two-foot clearance

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between the ground and the bottom strands. It was a chance, and the position was growing so desperate that any chance was worth taking. He touched Studd's elbow and began to wriggle under the wires. Six feet in they found another line stretched too low to crawl under and could see and feel that the patch of low wire extended some feet. "More coming," whispered Studd, and the Lieutenant heard again that sound of squelching steps and moving men. They could still see the gray shadowy figures of the first lot standing in the same place, and now out of the mist emerged another shadowy group moving down the line and past it. There was a good deal of low-toned calling and talking between the two lots, and the Lieutenant, seizing the chance to work under cover of the noise, began rapidly to nip his way through the wire. It was only because of their low position that they could see the Germans against the lighter mist, and he was confident, or at least hoped, that from the reversed position it was unlikely they would be seen. The second party passed out of sight, and now the two could see a stir amongst the first lot, saw them hoist and heave bags and parcels to their shoulders and backs, and begin to move slowly in the opposite direction to that taken by the party passing them.

"Ration party or ammunition carriers," said Studd, softly.

"And moving to the front line," said the Lieutenant, quickly. "We must follow them. They'll guide us to the line. We keep close as we can—not lose touch and not be seen. Quick, get through there." He started to nip rapidly through the wires. The party had moved and the outline of the last man was blurring and fading into the mist. The Lieutenant rose and began to stride over the low wires. A last barrier rose waist high. With an exclamation of anger he fell to work with the nippers again, Studd assisting him. The men had vanished. The Lieutenant thrust through the wires. His coat caught and he wrenched it free, pushed again and caught again. This time the stout fabric of the trench coat held. There was no second to waste. The Lieutenant flung loose the waist-belt, tore himself out of the sleeves and broke clear, leaving the coat hung in the wires. "Freer for running if we have to bolt at the end," he said, and hurried after the vanished line, with Studd at his heels. They caught up with it quickly—almost too quickly, because the Lieutenant nearly overran one laggard who had halted and was stooped or kneeling, doing something to his bundle on the ground. The Lieutenant just in time saw him rise and swing the bundle to his shoulder and hurry after the others. Behind him came the two, close enough to keep his dim outline in sight, stooping low and ready to drop flat if need be, moving as silently as possible, checking and waiting crouched down if they found themselves coming too close on their leader. So they kept him in sight until he caught the others up, followed them again so long that a horrible doubt began to fill the Lieutenant's mind, a fear that they were being led back instead of forward. He would have looked at his compass, but the dim gray figures before him vanished abruptly one by one.

He halted, listening, and Studd at his elbow whispered "Down into a trench, sir." Both sank to their knees and crawled carefully forward, and in a minute came to the trench and the spot where the man had vanished. "Coming near the front line, I expect," said the Lieutenant, and on the word came the crack of a rifle from the mist ahead. The Lieutenant heaved a sigh of relief. "Keep down," he said. "Work along this trench edge. Sure to lead to the front line."

A new hope flooded him. There was still the front trench to cross, but the ease with which they had first come over it made him now, turning the prospect over in his mind as he crawled, consider that difficulty with a light heart. His own trench and his friends began to seem very near. Crossing the neutral ground, which at other times would have loomed as a dangerous adventure, was nothing after this hair-raising performance of blundering about inside the German lines. He moved with certainty and confidence, although yet with the greatest caution. Twice they came to a belt of wire running down to the edges of the trench they followed. The Lieutenant, after a brief pause to look and listen, slid down into the trench, passed the wire, climbed out again, always with Studd close behind him. Once they lay flat on the very edge of the trench and watched a German pass along beneath them so close they could have put a hand on his helmet. Once more they crouched in a shell-hole while a dozen men floundered along the trench.

And so they came at last to the front line. Foot by foot they wriggled close up to it. The

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Lieutenant at first saw no sign of a German, but Studd beside him gripped his arm with a warning pressure, and the Lieutenant lay motionless. Suddenly, what he had taken to be part of the outline of the parapet beyond the trench moved and raised, and he saw the outline of a steel-helmeted head and a pair of broad shoulders. The man turned his head and spoke, and with a shock the Lieutenant heard a murmur of voices in the trench, saw figures stir and move in the mist. Studd wriggled noiselessly closer and, with his lips touching the Lieutenant's ear, whispered, "I know where we are. Remember this bit we're on. We crossed to the left of here."

They backed away from the trench a little and worked carefully along it to their left, and presently Studd whispered, "About here, I think." They edged closer in, staring across for sight of the silhouette of the rifle butt above the parapet. The mist had grown thicker again and the parapet showed no more than a faint gray bulk against the lighter gray. The trench appeared to be full of men—"standing to" the Lieutenant supposed they were—and they moved at the most appalling risk, their lives hanging on their silence and stealth, perhaps on the chance of some man climbing back out of the trench. The Lieutenant was shivering with excitement, his nerves jumping at every movement or sound of a voice from the trench beside them.

Studd grasped his elbow again and pointed to the broken edge of trench where they lay, and the Lieutenant, thinking he recognized the spot they had climbed out on their first crossing, stared hard across to the parapet in search of the rifle butt. He saw it at last. But what lay between it and them? Were there Germans crouching in the trench bottom? But they must risk that, risk everything in a dash across and over the parapet. A puff of wind stirred and set the mist eddying and lifting a moment. They dare wait no longer. If the wind came the mist would go, and with it would go their chance of crossing the No Man's Land. He whispered a moment to Studd, sat up, twisted his legs round to the edge of the trench, slid his trench dagger from its sheath and settled his fingers to a firm grip on the handle, took a deep breath, and slid over feet foremost into the trench. In two quick strides he was across it and scrambling up the parapet. The trench here was badly broken down and a muddy pool lay in the bottom. Studd caught a foot in something and splashed heavily, and a voice from a yard or two on their left called sharply. The Lieutenant slithering over the parapet heard and cringed from the shot he felt must come. But a voice to their right answered; the Lieutenant slid down, saw Studd scramble over after, heard the voices calling and answering and men splashing in the trench behind them. He rose to his feet and ran, Studd following close.

From the parapet behind came the spitting bang of a rifle and the bullet whipped past most uncomfortably close. It would have been safer perhaps to have dropped to shelter in a shell-hole and crawled on after a reasonable wait, but the Lieutenant had had enough of crawling and shell-holes for one night, and was in a most single-minded hurry to get away as far and as fast as he could from the Germans' neighborhood. He and Studd ran on, and no more shots followed them. The mist was thinning rapidly, and they found their own outposts in the act of withdrawal to the trench. The Lieutenant hurried past them, zigzagged through their own wire, and with a gasp of relief jumped down into the trench. He then started along the line to find Headquarters.

On his way he met the officer who had watched them leave the trench and was greeted with a laugh. "Hullo, old cock. Some mud! You look as if you'd been crawling a bit. See any Boche?"

"Crawling!" said the Lieutenant. "Any Boche! I've been doing nothing but crawl for a hundred years—except when I was squirming on my face. And I've been falling over Boche, treading on Boche, bumping into Boche, listening to Boche remarks—oh, ever since I can remember," and he laughed, just a trifle hysterically.

"Did you get over their line then? If so, you're just back in time. Mist has clean gone in the last few minutes." A sudden thought struck the Lieutenant. He peered long and carefully over the parapet. The last wisps of mist were shredding away and the jumble of torn ground and trenches and wire in the German lines was plainly visible. "Look," said the Lieutenant. "Three or four hundred yards behind their line—hanging on some wire. That's my coat. . . ."

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SOON after this magazine comes out, flowers will be laid on countless graves of soldiers in the Civil War, North and South. Many of them were young—as young and as brave as those now daily going to death for a great cause. There will be flowers for the newly fallen, too, and there will be tears, and a thousand speakers on Decoration Day will refer to the soldier grandsons of those whose sacrifices that day commemorates.

The khaki they wear is the final emblem of the united country; and the title of this vivid sketch is a happy expression of the idea.

Blue + Gray = Khaki

By Sophie Kerr

Author of "The Blue Envelope," "The Golden Block," etc.

Illustrations by C. F. PETERS

BEFORE me lies a letter from a New England boy now training for aviation service in Texas, a boy who had never been farther south than Boston until he entered the Army. He says: "The people here are kinder and more open-hearted and hospitable than I could ever have dreamed. I never thought the South was like this."

A Georgia lad in khaki turns to me anxiously in the Subway:

"Could you please tell me where to get off to be near the Hippodrome, ma'am?"

I reply and he says shyly, in his inimitable soft drawl,

"I sure am obliged. I was right scared at first to ask a stranger anything here in New York, but everybody's just so nice! I don't know why people down home say the Nawth's so cold and hard."

"You like it up here, then?" I ask.

"Yes, ma'am," he says. "When I get back from France I'm going to settle up Nawth somewhere. I like it fine."

In the list of those rescued from the *Tuscania* were names from the North, names from the East, names from the South, names from the West, and I know, from every camp I hear of, from little items here and there in each paper and magazine that I pick up, that every State in the Union has given its quota of sons. And so, as one artist friend of mine quaintly puts it: "Blue plus gray equals khaki."

And that brings me to remembering other things. On Decoration Day garlands and flags innumerable will deck the graves of the men who fought for the Union, and the no less brave and devoted soldiers of the Confederacy. The survivors of these great armies will march under the old torn battle flags in honor of their dead comrades, and with them will march sons and grandsons under new, bright flags —one flag. The old hates are gone—the old grudges, even the old festering sore of reconstruction days is well nigh healed.

Let no one think these old hates, these old grudges were not once real and terrible. A charming old lady, who was just a girl when the guns of 1861 first sounded, told me that an acquaintance, a Northern girl, said to her, in a passionate rage against the enemy, that she "hoped to wade knee deep in Southern blood." Of course, she hoped nothing of the sort, but at the moment she undoubtedly thought she meant it. It is a sample of the talk of the time among the women.

Another and more amusing episode occurred when a young Southern miss was sent to stay with relatives in the North. Burning with indignation over the wrongs to her native

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"The people here are kinder and more open-hearted and hospitable than I could ever have dreamed. I never thought the South was like this"

heath, she was in no mood to enter into such social gaieties as were offered her, but was not permitted to withdraw from them entirely. At an evening party she was asked to sing. She refused. She was again asked—then urged. With a scornful toss of her curls and a flirt of her crinoline ruffles, she sat down at the piano and sang—of course—"The Bonnie Blue Flag!" Having reached the lines

> "I envy not the Northern girl
> With robes and jewels rare,
> Though diamonds deck her snowy neck,
> And stolen pearls her hair,"

she could not resist substituting with emphasis the words "crooked neck" for "snowy neck" and, I fear, banging the piano with a defiance that was as amusing as it was sincere.

But there were graver manifestations of feeling, many of them. In Maryland, where sympathy was mostly for the South, yet secession was not effected, elections were held under the auspices of the bayonet. Men walked to the polls between files of soldiers, and each would-be voter was sternly questioned. One austere old Methodist was not permitted to vote because, under this examination, he had said that he believed all war to be wrong and that he would side neither with North nor South.

"That is neutrality, and neutrality is disloyalty. You cannot vote," said the Federal authority in charge.

But who remembers or cares for these things to-day, save as a background of courage for the army of democracy *en route* to Berlin?

"My father was killed in the first battle of Manassas," said a Southern woman to me, not long ago—and I knew that her childhood and girlhood had been lived under the heavy shadow of privation and care that her father's death had brought.

"But I have no feeling against the North," she assured me a moment later. "And my two nephews are volunteers—the first in our town to go," she concluded proudly. "It seems queer they should fight for the flag their own blood fought against, but I tell you that they got their fighting spirit right from their grandfather—my father. So he gave something big to his country, even if he was called a traitor at the time."

And somehow I felt as though she had put her finger on the one great thing in all these memories of the blue and the gray. The color of the uniform the men wore is of little consequence to-day. Even the fact that brother fought against brother in that

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memorable struggle, has no special significance now, save to the student of history. The point is that both armies of the Civil War were mostly made up of men who believed with all their hearts that they were fighting for a high and splendid cause, and were willing to give their lives for their belief. They did not fight for conquest, money, "a place in the sun," or any other materialistic reason.

I remember asking my own father why he had volunteered — he was a Union man.

"Did you care so much about slavery?" I asked. "I didn't care a rap about slavery," he said, "but when the South fired on the old flag, *I had to go.*"

I thought of that answer when I sat beside an elderly woman in the corridor of a great hotel not long ago.

"My son's crazy to go to the war," she confided, complacently. "But he can't, for I'm dependent on him. They won't take men with mothers who are dependent."

She rocked gently and folded her idle hands in a gesture of content. "My brother was drafted in the Civil War," she went on, "but he paid for a substitute—you know you could do that then. The business would have all gone to pieces if my brother'd had to go."

And with a feeling of gratitude and pride that I had never felt before I could answer "My father enlisted on the day he was twenty-one. His brothers were all volunteers, and his parents refused their consent to him because he was their youngest. But on the day he was twenty-one he enlisted and fought through the last three years."

Never before had I realized what my father's volunteering had meant to me—never before had I known what a great heritage he had left to me. If he were only alive so that I might have told him! Courage and honor and idealism—how suddenly glowing and real they became to me in that moment. And what a vision of the future it gives; of other daughters and sons in years to come who are going to be able to say with infinite pride and tenderness: "My father fought for a great ideal. He was willing to give his life that the world might be free from the curse of militarism."

Here is the priceless legacy that every man in khaki will leave to his descendants and it has come to him from those shadowy figures in blue and gray who also fought for an ideal, and whose high hearts of courage and devotion will beat on forever so long as men go gladly to fight and die for what they believe is right.

"Everybody's just so nice! I don't know why people down home say the Nawth's so cold and hard . . . . . I like it fine"

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Little Citizens

A new American army millions strong, and eighty-two of its weapons

ALL the children and youth of the Allied nations have suddenly come into citizenship. Everywhere boys and girls, young men and young women are taking their places in the rank of those who do the needed work of the world. They are making bandages, knitting wristlets and socks, fetching and carrying; gathering old papers and old iron to be sold; preparing the soil for gardens, sewing, looking after furnaces and using their young hands in numberless tasks heretofore done by men and women.

They know the burdens that war has laid upon the world and they are more and more carrying their share of them. They are most eager to fulfil the spirit and the letter of the food regulations. They are putting aside their pennies for War Savings Stamps, probably sacrificing even more of their small personal desires than the grown-ups.

Children are a glowing example of ardent patriotism. Their sensitive imaginations, not yet hardened to life's needs, conceive the horrors and sufferings of war and their quick sympathies lead to unquestioning acts. Their natural chivalry is fired to deeds of self-sacrifice.

The Junior American Red Cross will no doubt have an enormous membership. A wonderful army of Little Citizens banded for service and for patriotism.

This is a new and great children's crusade. It would be impossible without our symbol—the Red Cross, the emblem of Mercy, the badge of self-sacrifice for others. It is an emblem of world-wide friendliness. Its significance is known to practically every child in every civilized nation.

The Junior Red Cross is a noble conception, made practical by the distinguished educators who have undertaken to bring into one organization the whole body of students in our schools—public, private, and parochial.

What this means for the future of the world it is difficult to imagine. It is surely laying the foundations of a new life. These little men and women, infused now with the highest sentiments of work and service, will be an invincible army to protect the world from such another cataclysm as this great war.

How deeply these little men and women feel their responsibility and how ardently they desire to help is shown by the big sacrifices they themselves suggested making in one town.

The question, "How Can I Help Win the War," was asked the individual children in the grade schools of Marshalltown, Iowa, and following are given eighty-two of the answers received:

I CAN

1. Do mother's work, so she can knit.
2. Pull rosin.
3. Sell papers and buy my own clothes.
4. Go without candy and gum.
5. Go without a Christmas tree.
6. Ask my parents not to buy me an expensive Christmas present.
7. Sell old iron for the Red Cross.
8. Keep well so as to save doctor bills.
9. Help my grandma, so she can knit a sweater for my brother when he goes to Camp Dodge.
10. Eat sorghum instead of sugar.
11. Get in my wood without being told.

I CAN

12. Go without any turkey Thanksgiving.
13. Sing patriotic songs.
14. Love and salute the flag.
15. Send pictures to soldiers.
16. Raise a garden next summer.
17. Save my clothes by not letting them get torn.
18. Stop going to picture shows.
19. Give entertainments and send money to the Red Cross.
20. Be careful of my clothes so my mother will not have to patch, and can knit.

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21. Have wheatless, meatless, and sweetless days at home.
22. Care for a pen of chickens to conserve the beef and pork supply.
23. Follow the gospel of the "clean plate."

I CAN

24. Eat less food.
25. Gather nuts.
26. Stop using "bean shooters."
27. Sell old brass, copper, and zinc.
28. Save money to go through school so I can take the place of someone who has gone to war.
29. Send Bibles and papers to soldiers.
30. Ask for food made of corn.
31. Go to church and Sunday school
32. Be satisfied with what I have.
33. Plant trees for gun stocks.
34. Make inventions for fighting.
35. Hold yarn for mother while she winds it into a ball.

I CAN

36. Get along without cats and dogs. They eat too much.
37. Make scrapbooks of funny pictures and stories for the soldiers.
38. Kill rats because they eat grains.
39. Eat left-overs.
40. Save my shoes by not skating on the soles of them.
41. Save papers and supplies at school.
42. Pray God every night that we may win.
43. Give 10 cents a week to support a Belgian child a day.
44. Write cheering letters to soldiers in the army.
45. Fertilize my garden now for next year.
46. Get along without frosting on my cake.
47. Get along without scuffing my feet (save shoes).

I CAN

48. Persuade my parents to sign Food Pledges.
49. Clean rugs.
50. Collect tin foil, for it is very valuable.
51. Teach others to be thrifty who do not know how.
52. Be careful of my teeth so as to save dental bills.
53. Pick out a cap that will wear the best and then take care of it.
54. Sell Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps.
55. Always ask, when I buy anything, "Do I really need that?"
56. Save pins and buttons off of old clothes for children whose mothers cannot afford to buy them.
57. Darn my stockings as soon as there is a tiny hole so it won't get larger.
58. Look over our scrap bags for cloth that can be used for garments or quilts.
59. Be careful of my clothes by not getting on the ground or pushing others down.

I CAN

60. Pick up rags and sell them, giving proceeds to Red Cross.
61. Feed my dog nothing but what would be thrown away.
62. Keep my clothes clean, so my mother will not have to wash them. When she washes them it wears them out.
63. Make home-made candy and sell it for Red Cross.
64. Depend wholly upon God.
65. Go without eating between meals.
66. Get along without teasing for things.
67. Urge my brother to join the army or navy.
68. Ask for wheatless breakfast foods.
69. Save gasoline.
70. Do without valentines.
71. Encourage patriots but not slackers.

I CAN

72. Send athletic supplies to camps.
73. Get along with less jelly on my bread.
74. Save street car fare and put the money in my Red Cross box.
75. Use less syrup on my cakes.
76. Help grandma so she will find time to teach mama to knit.
77. Eat butter substitutes.
78. Eat potato skins.
79. Have boiled chicken instead of fried.
80. Gather wood and coal which might be wasted.
81. Take care of baby so mother can help in the Red Cross work.
82. Study hard.

Behind each of these eighty-two answers is the story of a sturdy-hearted young citizen, feeling his responsibility and wanting to do his utmost toward winning the war! And America should be proud of the fine spirit of this army of little men and women.

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UNDER THE RED CROSS BANNER

A Filipino Red Cross company, the first that ever marched in the Philippine Islands

THE SCHOOL-TEACHERS OF MANILA

No more enthusiastic workers can be found in the Filipino Red Cross than the school-teachers

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The Red Cross Spirit Awakes in the Philippines

A letter from the Field Officer of the Fourteenth Division

WE ARRIVED at Manila on Monday, January 28th, after a good trip of four days from Nagasaki, the southern end of Japan. We had a heavy sea the whole way but, praises be, behind us. The north wind came straight from China and made my Bell trench coat feel like tissue paper. It did not get warm until after we had come abreast of the north end of Luzon and farther south than the latitude of Hong Kong, which we passed by with a wide berth. Our log shows that we have traveled in all nearly 12,000 miles; and it seems queer to own up to an island flying the American flag, with white-suited American army officers very much in evidence, and many other things American.

One does not have to study life in the Philippines long before one is roused by a feeling of pride of country. Uncle Sam reached over the seas with his long arm and did some notable things in these islands. As in contrast to the Hun in his conquered territory, you find, instead of destruction, upbuilding; instead of a ruthless tearing down of old monuments and buildings, the ancient walls and churches untouched and as the Spaniards left them. Where were ancient prisons filled with instruments of torture, you find the best prison system of the world. In an old fort of the real Spanish type, you find the dungeons turned into tanks filled with the most marvelously colored fish, composing the Manila Aquarium.

THE ISLANDS REMADE

Instead of jungle paths, you find splendid American roads, and hospitals, libraries and thousands of schoolhouses. As you go back into the wilder portions of the land, you meet tribes which for centuries hunted each other's heads. The names Moro and Igorot and many others will long be remembered as representing a people so wild that all hope of civilizing them seemed vain. These Igorots are a fine looking people, with a forest of hair and, I judge, a vast local population. They were great head-hunters, and even a few months ago took a head, which is no longer considered quite the thing by the Government and is punished by long imprisonment if caught—which is not inevitable. They carry on their backs head baskets, which are beautiful and useful if head hunting is dull (which it now is). Two Igorots, at least, are quite famous; they have tails about five or six inches in length at the base of the spine, like any common monkey. Yet now you see them an orderly and contented folk governed by laws introduced from our own land, and administered mostly by Filipinos.

All this with no great expense to anybody but the islands themselves. Three million dollars was given to stamp out plague and pestilence when the Americans came, the soldiers and sailors have been paid by our Government; but these vast improvements—roads and hospitals, a national bank, schoolhouses and all the rest—have come from the land and the people and not from the world outside.

The Manila Hotel is, for example, I suppose, the best in the Far East—nothing so good in Japan or China—a thoroughly tropical abiding place built of cement, with polished waxed floors, big verandas and everything wide open, as it needs to be, for this is the real tropics and it's dreadfully hot most of the time. The delivery of the mails is typical of Manila. No one knows when a steamer is coming into the harbor until the ice factory whistle blows announcing that fact, but as it blows four times a day upon its own business, it is hard to keep track. As a part of this lack of information and to save the lives of the post office clerks, there is a large sign over the mailing window which reads:

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We are sorry that we cannot tell you when the next foreign mail leaves. If you have just missed the mail, letters deposited now will catch the next.

Simple, truthful, unanswerable, and so satisfying. The same is true of mail arrivals. No information can be given, so you learn to restrain yourself.

COME TO THE CARNIVAL

As a ship approaches the city of Manila one sees almost first of all, near the Lunetta, the new Red Cross Tower, striking in daylight and very beautiful at night with its outline of electric lights. It dominates the Carnival grounds which opened on February 2d, welcomed daily from 30,000 to 40,000 visitors and spread the name of the American Red Cross far and wide over these islands.

Let us take our places on the grandstand to view the Red Cross procession, which begins at four in the afternoon and ends long after dark. Everybody in holiday mood. The Governor-General, Francis Burton Harrison, and all the officials are present; the Army and Navy in full white uniform are in the front row, for Manila even in February is very warm, and white costumes are almost universal. Near us sits a Chinaman in a gorgeous robe, his family attending; we are introduced to the Sultan of Sulu, a visitor from his island six hundred miles south; near him is a company of Moros, and other tribesmen dressed in native costumes of many colors, to make up, perhaps, for the lack of dress one notes when visiting them at home.

On such an occasion as this the Government brings the prominent heads of tribes from many of the islands, so that they may themselves see and take part in a civilized holiday. To-day we do not see their women folk, but they are often brought at the expense of the Government, and the plan has had a wide-reaching effect. English are here as visitors; Spaniards, Japanese and many official Filipinos you find on the grandstand, all paying their respects to the American Red Cross Carnival.

But let us study the procession. Remember, this is a hot country and people are not given to walking in the sun, and the idea of women parading the streets was considered preposterous at first. "But Red Cross people did it in America," it was urged; and "the ball began to roll" and continued until there was hardly room to list the organizations which wished to join.

Every trolley pole along the street which leads to the heart of the city a couple of miles away is decorated with a Red Cross flag—there must be hundreds or thousands of these made by the industrious and patriotic ladies of Manila; and as you hear the faint rumblings of the first band (there were dozens), you see in the bright sunshiny distance the beginning of the procession, a long white line with little red dashes of color too far away to distinguish. In a little while you make out the insignia of Red Cross nurses—with the flags a dazzling sight good for sea-wearied eyes.

Of course, you expect the Americans to be there in full force and they are, and in all their proper uniforms, even to the young American girls driving army trucks and ambulances. There is a company of British women, the Junior Red Cross, forming a living Red Cross flag, Boy Scouts leading dogs, representing the Blue Cross Corps of the Dumb Animals' League. Here comes a company of Filipino ladies, walking in a large group to show their respect for an American institution in a way they never dreamed of before; then school organizations, hundreds of them, and thousands of students; a group of Japanese clad in the old feudal costume of the Samurai—an effective section; a Chinese float filled with Chinese in wonderful costumes—and so this colorful procession goes on for hours, keeping step to innumerable bands, and Manila is famous for all kinds of bands.

RED CROSS BOOTHS

All net profits of the Carnival were offered to the Red Cross and thankfully accepted, but hoping still further to increase our revenues the following activities were planned under entire Red Cross control. The Carnival very generously donated large concessions in a most desirable situation only charging for absolute construction expenses and the use of lights. The best paying concession was the Tea Cup Inn under Mrs. Shearer's direction. She was assisted by the Daughters of the American Revolution. The "Stunt Station" presented several bills every afternoon and evening of local talent and minstrels of colored troops kindly furnished by the U.S. Army. Then there was a palmistry booth and a sale commissary of food made at home. A miniature golf links also caused much amusement and a good source of revenue. In addition to this, there was an organization booth where memberships were taken. This

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THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION

Of course you expect the Americans to be there in full force, and they are!

MRS. CHARLOTTE R SLEEPER

In the centre, Mrs. Sleeper, the Chairman of the Red Cross Participation in the Carnival

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booth was built in the form of a large Red Cross decorated with red lights, where lanterns showed views of Red Cross activities. The rest room was equipped as a first aid station and has been found a great help. Here service flags, Red Cross buttons and bags were on sale. The headquarters had an exhibit of all articles made in the Red Cross work rooms with figures stating how many have been shipped up to date. Women workers were here every afternoon to show how the work is done, the main reason being to interest the Filipinos who came from the provinces.

It was a great occasion, which made you glad that you had been privileged to attend so unique a festival, and proud of the energy that could resist so tropical a climate and carry a great undertaking to success against a world of difficulties.

Sunday we spent seeing the sights of Manila, the old Spanish town, the Aquarium (and a fine one), the wonderful old Cathedral, the Library, the hospitals and all the useful and really magnificent things built and accomplished in this far-away land. It makes you proud that you are an American.

We left Manila full of gratitude to all the people who were so kind to us. We saw many wonderful and interesting things. We are convinced that Uncle Sam has done a great job—a very great one—and we are mighty glad we came. Such a strenuous life in such a hot climate nearly did us up, but a night and day of rest on the *Empress of Russia* has set us up, and we are ready for Hongkong.

P.S. We arrived at Hongkong early Friday morning at dawn, and after getting through the Hongkong police, were ashore at 1 P. M. Already we know what the "countless millions" of China mean. This town is full of every race of people on the earth. Through a kind friend, we have a room in the Hongkong Hotel. We will here celebrate our fourth New Year period—on January first, second and third with the Japanese at Honolulu; on the seventh to ninth with the Russians on the *S.S. Shinyo*; on February second with the Filipinos at Manila in their New Year Carnival; and we find that we have arrived here just in time for the Chinese New Year, which begins February tenth and lasts three days—everything holiday. We hope to finish all New Year celebrations here.

Letters to the Mother of a Soldier

PART II

By Richardson Wright

Illustrations by JOHN FROST

Toronto.

DEAR MOLLY:

I am in a strange household. It is a big country place outside of Toronto—an estate, in fact, and save for the host and his wife I am the only man in mufti here. All the others, fifty of them, are officers. Mr.—— turned over his place as a recuperation camp to the Government. He and Mrs.—— are living in the lodge. I have a cot in what used to be a hostler's room. The big house is fitted out with all modern facilities for the care of the wounded, and both these good people spend all their time helping the doctors and nurses look after the men. They are all fine chaps. Some of them will return to the service, but several of them will never be able to do much except sit about in the sun until the Night comes down.

One of these chaps has quite won my heart. He is a university man, was specializing in law when the war broke out. He was gassed and lost an arm at Mons. But he's plucky, and plans to go on with law when he's better.

Yesterday I sat by his chair and he showed me a collection of addresses to soldiers that he

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was making. They were reports from papers, scraps of translation, and bits of diaries recording what commanders had said to their men as they went into battle.

I am copying out three of them for you. Perhaps you might like to send them on to Harry.

The first is the address given his men of the Expeditionary Force by Field Marshal Kitchener. The men were told to keep it in their active service paybook which they always carry. It goes as follows:

You are ordered abroad as a soldier of the King, to help our French comrades against the invasion of a common enemy.

You have to perform a task which will need your courage, your energy and your patience.

Remember that the honor of the British army depends on your individual conduct.

It will be your duty not only to set an example of discipline and perfect steadiness under fire, but also to maintain the most friendly relations with those whom you are helping in this struggle.

The operations in which you will be engaged will, for the most part, take place in a friendly country, and you can do your country no better service than in showing yourself in France and Belgium in the true character of the British soldier by being invariably courteous, considerate and kind.

Never do anything likely to injure or destroy property, and always look upon rioting as a disgraceful act.

You are sure to meet with a welcome and to be trusted. Your conduct must justify that welcome and that trust.

Your duty cannot be done unless your health is sound, so keep constantly on your guard against any excesses.

In this new experience you may find temptation both in wine and women. You must entirely resist both temptations, and while treating all women with perfect courtesy you should avoid any intimacy.

Do your duty bravely. Fear God and honor the King.

Another was the address made by a Japanese officer to his men just before they went into a charge. It is one of the noblest utterances I know:

Soldiers: Some of us will not be so fortunate as to have the honor of giving our lives for our country to-night, and we must endeavor not to give them unnecessarily, as they may be wanted for another occasion.

The strangest of all was an order once issued the Russian army by General Dragomiroff of Petrograd. It is called "The Soldier's Memento," a strange mixture of piety and practical advice. It sheds a light on the Russian army that used to be and the deep fire of religion that drove its men to titanic sacrifices:

The soldier is Christ's warrior.

Do not think of yourself, think of your comrades. Perish if necessary, but save your comrades.

Under fire, scatter yourselves. March in groups under attack, for one must strike with the fist, not with fingers—foot helps foot, hand strengthens hand.

One misfortune is no misfortune, two misfortunes are only half a misfortune. Breaking the ranks, that is misfortune!

Only he is conquered who is afraid.

Strike; do not ward off blows. If your bayonet breaks, strike with the butt-end; if that breaks, use your fists; when your fists are bleeding, use your teeth. One only really fights when fighting to the death.

In the battle the soldier is sentinel; do not let your weapon fall from your hands, even in death.

Take aim for each shot: shooting right and left only amuses the devil.

Be careful with the cartridges, for if you shoot at distance, you will find an empty case when you ought to have a full one. For a real soldier thirty cartridges would suffice in the hottest fight. Pick up the cartridges of the wounded and dead.

God protects the brave.

The good soldier has no sides or back—the front is always to the enemy.

Always face cavalry—let it come to 200 paces, fire, fix bayonets, stand firm.

In war you will neither eat nor sleep your fill; you will be worn out. That is war, and it is a difficult trade even for a soldier; but it is terrible for a soft soldier. But if it is hard for you, it is no better for the enemy. You see only your own trouble, not his; all the same it is there. So do not be discouraged. You will conquer! "He who perseveres to the end shall be saved."

Victory is not gained by one blow. Sometimes you will not succeed at the second or third—attack a fourth time, and more often if necessary, until you have attained your end.

He who leaves the ranks during a fight to help the wounded is a bad soldier and not a man of feeling. His comrades are not dear to him, but his skin is. Beat the enemy and all will be well, the wounded as well as the whole.

Never leave your place in a march. One minute, and you are 120 steps behind. March gaily.

Rest is not even for all at bivouac. Some sleep, some watch.

If you are in command, keep your men together solidly; give them reasonable orders, and do not

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command them as you would a brute. Begin by saying what they must do, so that every man will know where and why he goes.

Die for your faith, for your Tsar, for Russia; the Church will pray for the dead, and also for those who will live to get honor and glory.

Never ill-treat the inhabitant; he will supply your bread. The soldier is no brigand.

Let your clothing and weapons always be in order. Take care of your gun, your cartridges, your biscuit and your legs as if they were your eyes. Wrap your feet well in linen, and rub them with fat: it is good.

The soldier must be strong, brave, firm, just and pious. May God grant him the victory!

Heroes, God leads you. He is your General!

A camp in the United States.

DEAR OLD MOLLY:

Three months ago this was a farm. A little whitewashed stone farmhouse stood near the road with its red barns and cow sheds on the hill behind. Before it, to a wood a mile or more away, stretched the fields, with corn in tassel, and rustling wheat, and apples greening on the bough.

To-day seven hundred buildings stand there —barracks and store sheds and artillery stables and power stations and water towers and the myriad mushroom shacks of construction work. Macadam roads circle the camp and cut through it. Down toward the wood is a huge drill ground with the corn stubble still standing. The corn shocks now hang from stanchions in grewsome rows against the sky, like murderers on a gallows tree; and eight hours a day men rush at them with bayonets and stab into the heart where the golden ears were.

Stand wherever you are, and on all sides are men drilling—in company streets, before barracks, in corners of the fields, along the great macadam highways. They are eternally marching, wheeling around, counting off. In a few weeks these thousands of men will move and act as one. When the hour of attack comes they will respond subconsciously to commands, think about them as little as you and I do about breathing and walking.

The purpose of military drill is to reduce men to a common factor. First they receive the uniform, which molds them into a standardized being; then they are drilled to standardized actions. In the hour of battle the commander will know exactly what his men will do. Without this endless drilling they would be nothing more than a uniformed mob —cannon fodder at best.

These men were all taken by the selective draft—plucked out of jobs, from family hearths, off the streets. They represent all walks of life, kinds of work and professions, social and educational classes. The men here and those in the fifteen other cantonments total much more than a million. Their transfer from civil life was effected by the agency of public opinion speaking through the enactment of Congress. In no country in the world has such a universal and democratic movement ever taken place. Objection to it was negligible. Most of the men, once they had broken off the old ties, were keen for the life. They are better fed, live more regular and normal lives, and consequently are in better health than they ever were before. All this, Molly, is the will of the people.

If you want to see democracy in the working, visit a cantonment. Here you see the very practical side of our nation. And that practical side is this: that in a democracy we are all equal shareholders. The country's prosperity is our prosperity, its danger is our danger. And as we share its prosperity, so must we share its evil times and be willing to defend it against their repetition.

America will have a million better citizens in a few weeks. For here, as nowhere else, a great amalgamation is taking place. In these sixteen cantonments scattered over the country we have set up our melting-pot, and the fire that burns under it is the ardor of patriotism.

Although I hate the destruction of war, as every just man should, I know that this war has come to us as our great spiritual opportunity. Kipling has put it in a verse:

> Then praise the Lord Most High
> Whose strength has saved us whole;
> Who bade us choose that flesh should die,
> And not the living soul.

We have held our liberties too lightly. We have taken our freedom as a matter of course. Now comes the test. Do we care enough for liberty to defend it? Is it so sacred to us that without it life is not worth the living?

This time a year ago these were banal questions, the rubber-stamp phrases of bombastic Fourth of July orators. Suddenly they assume reality and become a live thing.

To the 30,000 men in this camp the ideal

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"I'm beginning to see that the persons who wrote 'Keep the Home Fires Burning' and 'Over There' have done an immeasurable amount for the people"

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of American freedom being imperilled is absolutely vital. It is their business to know and to prevent it, just as a few weeks ago it was their business to earn bread and clothes and shelter. No discipline is too great if that is the end.

And these men are going to the work with a song on their lips. They are being trained to face death light-heartedly, as befits gentlemen. Nightly for a week now I have heard them in the Y.M.C.A. halls, crowded on to the benches, singing for dear life. Last night three thousand of them packed the big auditorium. And what do you think was their favorite? A fine, rollicking ballad with the refrain:

God help Kaiser Bill!

They sang it over and over. They stamped their feet to it. They waved their arms. But from a rollick it became a solemn event; from a street ballad a hymn of heroes, a prayer of dedication.

God help Kaiser Bill!

I hope He does. I hope He helps him see the light before it is too late. For, as the other song that these men sing goes,

We won't come back till it's over Over There!

Camp ——.

DEAR SIS:

You have heard George and me speak of Barker, Sidney Barker? He was with us in college, in the class below. A whole-hearted sort of chap, with a twinkle in his eye. He used to have a fine voice too, and was in great demand at college affairs.

For the last ten years he has been in the automobile business, making money hand over fist. He had a big house and entertained a lot. His boy—the only child—was up at college and was graduated this June. The first day out of college he joined the army and went across with Pershing. Just a private.

He did it with his father's consent. Barker always was a big man.

But as the days went on, Barker realized that giving his son to the cause was not enough. He wanted to give himself.

He and Mrs. Barker talked it over, laid their plans and, before the week was out, they were ready to throw up their own interests and join the big game. He sold out his business, sold his house and most of the furniture, gave half of the proceeds to the Red Cross, and then offered his services to the Y.M.C.A.

When they asked him what he thought he could do, he said he could sing. Imagine it! A millionaire, a big executive, giving that as his talent!

Well, they took him at his word. He could sing. What's more, he could get along with men. The next thing he knew he was ordered to a cantonment as a song leader.

To-day Mrs. Barker has two rooms in a little country hotel in a town near the cantonment and Barker sleeps in a bunk in the back room of a Y.M.C.A. building.

What do I do down here?

I play ragtime. I play it for an hour every night, between seven and eight. And you ought to hear me! Barker stands on the platform and leads the singing. I bang the box. The boys do the rest.

Do you know, I never played ragtime before in my life, and as for jazzing into double syncopation, it was an unknown world! For the past five years I have been mooning around with Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff and Dubussy, playing the proper things, and thinking I was getting all there was to be had out of music. Just as if music were only for the cultured and the highbrow!

Down here we have music for the mob, and I'm beginning to see that the persons who wrote "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and "Over There" have done an immeasurable amount for the people.

Camp ——.

DEAR MOLLY:

Here is the real thing.

It happens every night on the parade ground.

The field is a mile each way. For a background stand the trees, glorious in the red and bronze of their autumn foliage. The skyline blurs off to nothingness in the night mist. A darkening sky settles down fast to the westward, shot with shafts of red and gray and salmon. The welter of barracks softens, ages, dims in the dusk.

The men march on the parade grounds—three thousand or more of them. They come from all directions in snaking columns of fours, and stretch from one end of the field to the other. The ends are lost in the distance. Far down the field, a speck against the stubble, stands the colonel. The little group be-

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hind him is the band. The men move in a sweeping rhythm, their lines double. Hands swing in unison. Feet scuffle together and grow still.

Of a sudden an appalling silence. Nature was never so hushed. You catch at your breath. Something unseen grips you, makes you rigid. The brown lines, too, are rigid. The sky darkens ominously. It portends a great and solemn event.

Then the first notes of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Three thousand hands spring to salute. Three thousand faces turn toward a bit of bunting slowly fluttering down the dusk wind. A soldier reaches out to catch it in his arms.

The band ceases. Silence again.

A sudden command, and rank on rank the men disappear into the dark.

I have often heard soldiers speak of the flag. They talk about it reverently, with tender recollection, as a man talks about his mother. Somehow, I used to think them a bit sentimental, probably cantish. I felt that their fine words were merely the stereotyped phrases of men drilled to say such things. I know better now. It is a live thing to them, a real presence—the presence of America and all that she has been and will be.

A bit of bunting sliding down a pole. Three thousand men at salute. They call the ceremony "Retreat." I think of it as worship.

For to army men this nightly lowering of the flag is an act of supreme worship. They take it down with honor, for with honor it was placed there. They receive it tenderly, because they love it. In its presence they are reverent because to it they present the offering of their opportunities, their hopes, even their very existence.

Crusaders battling to defend the Sacrament. Soldiers to defend the Flag, fighting for a Real Presence.

And in their fighting lies the better part of worship. For theirs is worship that presupposes action, service, sacrifice. Here nightly men dedicate their lives.

Remember that whenever you see the flag. Remember the men who have died for it and will die. Remember these men standing in the dusk, rigid with reverence.

The Month's Progress

OUTFITTING A 1000 BED HOSPITAL IN THREE HOURS

OUT of the ever-changing death struggle on the plains of Picardy, with its promise of victory, its spectre of defeat, one thing stands forth unchangeable day by day—the duty of the Red Cross.

Behind the bloodstained battle lines misery is again on the road. As in nineteen fourteen, the refugees—old men, women, and children—carry the helpless on shutters; the bird cage and the improvised cradle make their appearance on the muddy roads; the trains are loaded with the wounded. In Paris, civilians lie crushed beneath the ruins caused by air raids and bombardment, while the railway stations are crowded with the fleeing refugees from northern France. It might be nineteen fourteen over again.

Only this time there is a difference.

Along the roads stretches a chain of relief stations, established by the Red Cross, in coöperation with the French and British governments; at every camp food and warm clothing are supplied by the Red Cross, and at all congested points soup kitchens operate; at the Northern Railways station in Paris the cars of the Red Cross and the Fund for the French Wounded wait, and the Red Cross gives aid and comfort. The civil population of a small province has been evacuated with a minimum of suffering by transforming all the various departments of the Red Cross in Paris into one single unit to grapple with the task.

So far as military relief is concerned, the same efficiency is observable. A single illustration, indeed, can demonstrate the difference between nineteen fourteen and nineteen eighteen where the wounded soldier is concerned. In three hours, recently, all the splints, ac-

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cessories, instruments and surgical dressings required for a hospital of one thousand beds were assembled and dispatched from Paris.

To those of us who are left behind, these facts have become vital. America is in the war at last—a hundred million strong.

Our duty is plain.

THE WONDERS OF RED CROSS BOOKKEEPING

ROMANCE is not usually associated with an accounting department. In the Red Cross comptroller's office in Washington, however—where all Red Cross funds eventually are handled and then audited by the War Department—there are plenty of romantic things to be found, notwithstanding the fact that in those precise precincts they go under the name of complications.

In one month, for instance, among other things, three hundred restricted contributions were sent in—meaning contributions sent in by particular people for a particular purpose. Eight of these gifts, according to their donors' instructions, were to be used specifically and solely for Russian refugees; for widows and sick, for tobacco for American prisoners of war, for the aero service, for babies in the flood district of China, for Belgian soldiers in Paris, for Chinese in France, and for providing Christmas trees for homeless French and Belgian children. These contributions came from sources as widely separated as the Russian Ambassador in Washington and a church in the Philippine Islands.

As exactness required that such funds be applied as requested and a special report on their application be finally sent, it is easy to see why they are called complications.

They are only a very small part of the work of the accounting department of the Red Cross, however, which must issue each month about 2,225 different vouchers covering disbursements, has 310 advance accounts covering all parts of the world, and must combine the activities of fourteen administrative divisions, of foreign commissions in European countries, of twenty-nine sanitary units, of camp service establishments in the many army camps and unattached workers all over the globe. The clearance of the Red Cross, indeed, runs as high as nineteen millions monthly—larger than is reported by any banking house in the capital.

Probably the most difficult job, nevertheless, is one that does not readily occur. It is the classification of the money received into the nineteen funds provided by the by-laws of the Red Cross organization. Every penny received by the Red Cross must be balanced on edge until it is decided into which of these nineteen pots it should fall. Once it is classified it is expended when proper appropriation is made by the War Council. To date, there are 567 such different appropriations. The accounts resultant go through every form of foreign exchange in existence, running literally from shekels to yen.

THE JUNIORS' DEVICES FOR RAISING RED CROSS FUNDS

NOW that the Junior Red Cross is a going concern, the question of what practical programme shall engage its attention necessarily looms large. With the summer coming on, the things upon which the boys and girls are concentrating most of their efforts are the making of furniture for the Red Cross rest house at the camps, the filling of refugee garment orders, and the starting of the Junior Red Cross farms—this last in coöperation with the Department of Agriculture and the Bureau of Education.

Meanwhile, however, there are many evidences that the proverbial Yankee spirit of ingenuity is very much alive among the children themselves. Both for the instruction it yields and the amusement it affords, it is worth while glancing over some of the latest reports which have come in on Junior Red Cross ways of making money.

These ways range from ice cream sales by ambitious Chicago first grades to bringing homeless kittens and kittenless homes together in New York. Red Cross waffle days, doll bazaars, pig raisings, pie socials, shooting contests, popcorn selling, flower gardens—these are merely a few on the list.

In Pennsylvania, the girls appear to have gotten the better of the boys, the boys in one town being taxed by the girls of their auxiliary for merely "being a boy," the fines being a percentage of the money they spend for baseball games, candy, chewing gum and movies.

Among the many entertainments one in a Colorado school appears to deserve a blue ribbon, the pupils all being in grades below

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the fifth, and the form of entertainment being a circus. Each schoolroom was a sideshow; in the "animal tent" the "animals" did tricks, were wild and caged; and in a final room was held the wonderful concert after the Big Show. It cost one cent to get into the building, and two, three and four cents to see the sideshows. As a climax, each child brought one lemon and circus lemonade was sold.

Perhaps only an item from Evansville, Indiana, can supply anything better. In that town, the enterprising Juniors are giving scalp massages and shampoos.

Imagination fails.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT "DRY" FOOD IS?

TO ANY one acquainted with relief work, the fact that "dry" food is taking the place of "wet" in the Red Cross distribution of supplies in Italy is a good index of the present stage of the Red Cross problem in that country and a corresponding indication of the civilian situation. "Dry" food is meant to be taken home and cooked; "wet" food is served ready to eat in soup kitchens and relief stations.

Some months ago, when a hundred and fifty thousand families had abandoned their homes before the Austro-German invader, the Italian authorities and the Red Cross had little choice between one method of feeding and another. The refugees had to be housed en masse and fed in crowds. Necessity dictated.

During the time since, the problem has been one of gradual distribution to a normal way of living. The difficulties involved have been enormous. The lines in front of the bread shops where the private consumer buys have been so long and have formed so early that only those who appeared at four in the morning have been sure of getting bread. The obstacles in the distribution of other foodstuffs have been nearly as formidable. Even to induce the refugees to leave the shelters where their marketing has been done for them and the essentials of life assured, has been no easy task. Added to the food situation has been an uncertain industrial outlook. Altogether, the problem has been an exceedingly hard one.

Partly by the slow flow of the able-bodied to jobs, however, and partly by an industrial search for vacant dwellings—accompanied by financial assistance to those otherwise unable to move—the Italian officials and the Red Cross have solved the question of human distribution.

The establishment of shops where food that can be cooked at home is disposed of—beans, rice, lard and salt beef—is beginning to solve the food problem.

It is worthy of remark that all this food is being imported from America in order to leave untouched the Italian market, and is being sold at one third of its value.

The Italian situation is entering its second stage.

COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

DO YOU realize what war means to-day? Doubtless you feel you do. We all feel so, with the whole horizon placarded with newspaper accounts, with magazine stories, with books, with photographs, all bearing upon this one subject that is absorbing our attention.

We know we have given money for relief on a scale never dreamed of before. It has flowed out to Belgium, to France, to Serbia; to orphaned children, to relief work, to the wounded. Some of us may even feel we've done our share, financially speaking.

But we might as well face the truth right now:

Scarcely one in a thousand even of the readers of this magazine has the faintest conception of the ghastly horrors taking place "over there" at this very moment.

And our sons, brothers, fathers, friends, are about to be hurled into this inferno beside which the torments penned by Dante are as naught.

No true American would have it otherwise. For this cause we are ready to give what is more than our money, more than ourselves.

But, having given them, can we desert them?

Can there be any limit to our giving of money to care for our own in this hour of agony?

Here is the big Fact:

The millions already subscribed by America for Red Cross work are practically expended. What they have meant in the alleviation of suffering can never be written nor estimated. But we have not yet begun on that responsibility nearest to our hearts—providing for our own wounded. This is the emergency which

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confronts us in the immediate future, as soon as our soldiers begin to take their actual part on the battle-line—for which all our gigantic upheaval thus far has been but a preparation.

That is a call to which no American can shut his ears.

Thousands of us who would be made sick by the sight of a man run over by a trolley car can read about our men entering the first line trenches and not hear this call. The thing doesn't visualize itself in our minds.

"You think you understand," said one of the first American ambulance workers, half angrily, on his return, to the writer. "You understand nothing. Why man, I saw after that battle a large part of fifty thousand wounded men whom we couldn't take care of. And, Heaven knows, we did all we could."

A GIRDLE OF MERCY AROUND THE WORLD

IN THIS country, the Red Cross is approaching one of the milestones of its progress. The first hundred million is almost spent and another hundred million is being asked for. The Red Cross is standing on its record, a thing plain to everyone. The money it has spent, the reasons which have prompted the spending, and the world-wide accomplishment which has resulted have all been set forth. It is inconceivable that the response of America to this new appeal will not be tremendous.

Firm in its confidence in its membership and its country, indeed, the Red Cross is not halting for an instant in its programme for humanity. New gifts to the British Red Cross and the Canadian Red Cross barely precede its appeal for more funds. Help is being given where help is needed. The old watchword of the Red Cross of nineteen sixteen—neutrality and humanity—has given way before the new triple watchword of the new American Red Cross—to care for our soldiers and sailors, wherever and whenever that care may be needed; to shorten the war, by alleviating the suffering and strengthening the morale of our allies; and to lay the foundations for an enduring peace by extending to our allies a message of practical relief and sympathy, carrying to them an expression of the finest side of American character.

From the practical illustration of this message in many countries of the globe is resulting one of the most important spiritual by-products of the Red Cross achievement.

All over the world Americans are gathering into little groups and turning their eyes on home, thrilled by a rising tide of patriotism. In Hawaii, in Manila, in Japan, China and the South Seas little groups of earnest men and women are organizing and seeking an opportunity to help their country. In Red Cross work—despite distance and the inevitable lack of definite information—they are finding their opportunity for service.

In the throne room in Honolulu women of many races are making Red Cross supplies; in the naval hospital at Yokohama, in Tokyo, in Peru, in Chile, even in China the love of country is showing itself in the desire of little bands of Americans to do what they can.

Worth far more than the actual value of the supplies they can produce, however, is the revelation of the true character of America which they are giving to the foreign lands which harbor them. Particularly in Japan—where the Japanese Red Cross numbers some two million members—is that idea of America current in the East, the conception of this country as a land of Mammon, fading before the Red Cross ideals of patriotism, democracy, and service to humanity.

In one sense, at least, it can be said that the spirit of the Red Cross is gradually encircling the world.

FRANCE DOES NOT FORGET

IN AN effort some time ago to relieve the worst destitution among soldiers' families—work which in this country the Home Service would do—the American Red Cross divided among the *Departments* of France five millions of francs. To say that the French nation was touched to the heart is no exaggeration. Generals, senators, presidents of Department Councils, leading men everywhere expressed their appreciation and thanks.

To-day, hundreds of letters from the families to whom the money actually went testify both to the vital need it filled and to the deeper spirit of gratitude it has engendered in the hearts of the French people themselves. The letters are from children, young girls, widows, even from grandmothers. They bring up a picture which cannot be adequately described.

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Possibly the best way of realizing what this gift must have meant in numberless homes in France is to read the letter one woman wrote:

"This gift will enable me to send a parcel to my poor husband, who writes from Germany—a prisoner—saying that he is starving. God bless the American Red Cross which has come at such a sad time to brighten our lives with a ray of sunlight, and to help us reach the harbor of peace.

"I shall keep the remembrance of this all my life; and shall teach it to my little ones, when they are old enough to learn how to love America."

France does not forget, be it an injury or a kindness.

APPROPRIATION FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH IN FRANCE

IN AUGUST, 1917, upon the advice of army medical officers and some of the best specialists in the country, the Red Cross made an appropriation for medical research in France. It was strictly a war measure. It had for its object the discovery of new means of prevention and remedy for diseases among our soldiers.

This work, however, in some instances involved the utilization of living animals—a subject upon which a large number of earliest Red Cross members hold sincere convictions. The action of the Red Cross in taking this step naturally resulted, therefore, in considerable criticism from such members. They felt very strongly that the funds of the Red Cross should not be used for carrying on a work to which a considerable number of its members conscientiously objected.

The situation thus created has been solved by a recent offer which the Red Cross has received, offering to supply the money necessary for this work in the future, and at the same time to reimburse the Red Cross general fund for such expenditure in the past. It should be needless to say that the Red Cross, in accepting this offer, does not in any way take a position for or against the question in controversy, but does so because it wishes not to conflict with the sincere convictions of a number of its members.

Hello, France!

By Reginald T. Townsend

AS WE close the forms of this Magazine (a shop phrase, meaning the last day on which "copy" can go into the composing room) there comes to the office the first letter from Reginald T. Townsend, who sailed for France a month ago as editorial representative of the Magazine. He was accompanied by Frazier Hunt, our special correspondent in the field. This is a personal letter, yet we cannot refrain from sharing it with you—particularly because of the bits that show vividly the spirit of America and of the American Red Cross.—THE EDITORS.

"Here we are, safe in Paris after a very stormy passage, for during seven days the sun never shone and the sea was terribly rough. . . . No sign of subs whatsoever, although we took all precautions, ran without lights, had lifeboats swung out and kept our *'Gilets de Sauvetage'* under our pillows. . . . The Red Cross people, of whom there were about twenty, really looked like soldiers. . . . We got here in the midst of an air raid, but didn't realize it until the All Clear signal was sounded. . . . When the enemy shell the city, business ceases for the day while we seek an *abri*. The French are most superb. They show the utmost contempt for this new German long-range gun and, indeed, in its effects it is but a toy compared to the Gotha air raids of which there has been one every night since Friday. Yet life rolls on busily and one would never imagine war was so close.

"Of soap and sugar, including candy and pastry, there is absolutely none and no butter, but one can get along without these, save soap of which I have some—fortunately. Tell all you see, if they want to know what to send the boys, to send *tobacco, candy and soap*. . . .

"Just ran into Eddie Hunt, more dead than alive. The burden of caring for refugees has fallen upon his shoulders. He was almost fainting with exhaustion and lack of sleep. After a dash of cold water he could only gasp

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out that he was going back to the front in ten minutes. . . ." [The last bit refers to Edward Eyre Hunt, who was through the siege of Antwerp and for two years in charge of Belgium relief work in that city, went into the Red Cross service in France, was Director of Civilian Relief in Italy after the great retreat, and is now back in France. Mr. Hunt is a fine type of the ardent, efficient Red Cross man. And there are hundreds of them, ready to go anywhere; with a high, unconscious sense of duty and selfless bravery, giving the fullest measure of ability and energy to each task set for them by the Red Cross.—THE EDITORS.]

"I must tell you of our first glimpse of France—the most thrilling scene in all the world and one that cannot be duplicated anywhere. . . . But first about the burial at sea of one of our fellow travellers.

"They buried him just before dawn. A few days before he had been a happy, carefree soldier boy, off with hundreds of joyous companions upon the Great Adventure, but Death had claimed him ere he had scarce begun his crusade. So now he lay under the Stars and Stripes he had died for, while the priest—a soldier, too, in uniform—chanted the litany for the dead by the dim light of a flickering lamp whose fitful beams cast a soft glow over the sombre faces of the soldiers gathered around. A pause, and the engines of the great ship ceased their noisy chatter for a few moments. Quietly they raised the body over the side, poised it for an instant and then, with scarcely a murmur, let it slide to its final resting place, the sea, while the mournful notes of the bugle, playing 'taps,' rang out a last farewell. . . .

"Next day they said it was a bad omen that a man should die at sea and that we should meet with disaster, but in this instance prophecy proved wrong for, after eight days of tossing billows and tempestuous seas, we ran into the smoothest of seas and brightest of sunshine, and at noon we had a strange aerial visitor, the first visitor for many a long weary day. Out of the east, like a giant tardy sun, came a great oval-shaped object—a dirigible, sailing overhead and circling round, waved us welcome to France. How the soldiers cheered!

"Soon a school of porpoises came racing to our side and a little flock of land birds winged their way out. . . . Next, on a narrow spit of sand, a lighthouse, tall and graceful, its watchful eye closed for the time, stood sentinel at the mouth of a great river, while overhead a great sausage-shaped balloon swung slowly at anchor to warn of deadly submarines that might be lurking thereabout.

"Slowly, through the thread of waters that wound its way among green fields and ancient trees just budding into bloom, the ships, with their cargoes of men and materials that go to make a successful war, plowed a tranquil course and just at twilight we came to the great city of——, our destination.

"And then the enthusiasm commenced. The troopers lined the sides of the ship clinging to every possible nook and cranny, singing a snatch of song, waving much-soiled handkerchiefs, or passing some friendly remark to those on shore. But the enthusiasm aboard was as nothing compared to that on shore.

"Have you ever experienced the thrill that comes at sunset at an army post when all is still and hushed and the band suddenly breaks into the 'Star Spangled Banner' and the colors come fluttering slowly down? If you have then you can appreciate something of the feelings that stole over us and caused our blood to tingle and the moisture to come into our eyes.

"From every house came pouring a crowd of men, women, and children, waving, calling, crying—alas, many of them in the all too familiar black—while from every window waved a frantic handkerchief. Every vessel in the harbor let loose a strident clamor with their whistles and every factory in the town followed example, but even this could not drown the noise of the cheers.

"Suddenly we rounded a bend and there, lining the shores of the river, and the sides of the grim gray transports, were hordes of figures clad in the familiar olive drab of khaki. We had come into our own!

"What a pandemonium ensued! What bedlam there was!

"On shore motors scurried along the roads keeping up with us, and the ever-present motorcycle, with its 'bath-tub' attached, put-putted along the road, raising a cloud of dust.

"Suddenly from under a wharf shot a fast little motor boat and in the bow, with hands stretched as high as he could hold them, stood a soldier holding aloft a tiny American flag. It was only a tiny bit of silk, possibly but a few inches in width, but to us it was a sign of all that is worth while in this storm-tossed world of ours; it was a true and sacred symbol of our crusade, foretelling us that at length we had arrived at the promised land."

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